

— A SELECT —
COLLECTION of HYMNS
universally sung in all the
Counties of Huntingdons Chapels

Collected by

her Ladyship



WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER, ARISE, CALL
UPON THY GOD. *Jenah Ch.I. Ver:6.*

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Collection of Hymns will be found not for the indulgence of the poetical geniuses of the present age —It is meant for the seeking heart, whose object is an acquaintance with pure simple Scriptural truths, and only intended for that instruction relatively best for their present and eternal good.—Should it fall into the hands of any who are ignorant of their wretched state by nature, and who are carelessly travelling this miserable earth, wanting a refuge from the pain and inquietude of a guilty conscience, and a perplexed and distressed mind, they may find in every page instruction to Jesus Christ as the way, and the only way, to peace, truth and righteousness —The Spirit of the living God alone can prove to an unpardoned sinner that he stands now, from the testimony of guilt in his own heart, a criminal, and being thus witness against himself here before God, death cannot alter the sentence.—The truth of his real condition must be altered not by his actions, but by a power that renders his sins blotted out, and in the room of guilt, pardon of sin must be effectually known by him, and peace with God, and a delight in all his ways.—Thus by the atonement made for sin, good news is brought to light by the Gospel,

P R E F A C E.

Gospel, and, through faith, the pledge of a blessed immortality secured. Every law must condemn the creature; and the purer the law, the more certain it is to utter its voice in the sentence of justice.—Even the heathens law, which every man makes for himself, will have its accusations by the consent of that authority given by man himself to condemn him.—Thus while no relief can be found, Why trifle with that immortal soul of thine? Leave reasoning, take the truth of your own condition, known and felt by yourself, and proved by the necessity of a Savior undertaking for you.—Read your own picture in the pages of Scripture, and yield yourself, as the happiest of creatures, to those convictions which will daily afford you comforts that are above all others in life, and from the effects of which, wrought by God's power, your further proof must follow of the succeeding and eternal happiness of your immortal soul.—Do not suppose that God who made that which is without, did not make that which is within also; and therefore remember, that divine and invisible instruction must be the means of truth and certainty to man, as revealed by the Spirit of God, and which our gracious Immanuel, who is himself the essential truth; and that intelligence of it to man, occasionally speaks in softer or louder accents, but always to be felt, testifying, Why will ye die?

Into whatsoever hands these few experimental hymns may fall, *materially* may they be found to alarm the secure, and comfort the several wants of all, or any.—Never forget that you must die alone.—None of the nearest or dearest friends can help you on a dying bed.—Stupid insensibility may be the state of the wretched moments which protract the last hour of breathing here, but the fearful looking for of judgment, must open to the succeeding world.—How must any then lament their not hearkening to that friend for eternity, who can destroy those fearful hours by the smiles

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of grace and peace, and whose people find death the welcome messenger of everlasting joy and rest.—This will best prove the vanity of all temporal good, when compared with thus securing that which is forever.—Few believe the certainty of the forgiveness of sins as an experimental truth. They suppose the meaning in general of Christ's death includes it; but ought it not to be remarked, that no condemned criminal would be made happy, but by the *possession* of liberty from the authority of the Lawgiver.—Thus ask any sensible sinner, and he will tell you, that nothing but a free, full, and final discharge for his sins can be a comfort to him.—This every word of the Gospel means, wherever it is clearly preached; and short of this, formality on the one hand, or superstition on the other, passes for those real evidences, which Christianity means should be the solid comfort of the heart, by that true information which divine and spiritual knowledge only can communicate.—This point must be maintained by each individual for himself, and the hypocrite, under any character, appearing, will not affect that foundation the Spirit of God has established in the hearts of those he has made his own.—A word of consolation only remains to the happy possessors of those divine evidences of truth.—Be assured a day does not pass, but it is adding strength to the rest and joy of your eternity.—Follow but faithfully and humbly the convictions of those truths you have received, and you will find that the various clouds of afflictions, how great soever they may be, are but preparing the sky, that the everlasting sunshine of Jesus Christ's love, may prove the triumph, as well as the faithfulness of his truth to your soul.—To him, the most unworthy of his followers commends you; begging that unremitting zeal and labours of love for his name's sake, may ever prove to all, who is the glorious master you serve, and who by his own grace alone causes us to differ from the worst existence upon earth.

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I N D E X.

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne, (*Good Friday*)

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we,
That doleful night before his death,
Take my poor heart just as it is,
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night
The billows swell, the winds are high,
The cross, the cross, Oh thats my gain,
The favor'd saints of God,
The God of Abraham praise,
The God of salvation, Jehovah by name
The God who reigns on high,
The God, whose smiles we court,
The gospel brings tidings to each wounded soul
The Lord will happiness divine,
The Lord on high proclaims,
The saints should never be dismay'd
The spirits of the just,
The world can neither give nor take,
There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Tell me, ye souls, who now appear
Think now, dear Jesus, on the pain,
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
This is the feast of heav'nly wine
This was compassion like a God,
'Tis done, th' atoning work is done, (*Good Friday*)

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A COLLECTION

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COLLECTION OF HYMNS.



H Y M N I. *To the BLESSED SPIRIT.*

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, O hear our supplication.

A

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
O thou glory shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination;
Rest upon this congregation.

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls thy graces show'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

H Y M N I.

3

Manifest thy love forever ;
 Fence us in on every side ;
 In distress be our reliever ;
 Guard and teach, support and guide :
 Let thy kind effectual grace
 Turn our feet from evil ways ;
 Shew thyself our new Creator,
 And conform us to thy nature.

Be our friend on each occasion ;
 God, omnipotent to save !
 When we die be our salvation ;
 When we're buried be our grave ;
 And, when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skies ;
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There for ever to adore thee.

Another. 7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest,

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way :
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

H Y M N III.

5

The invitation. 6, 8.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.
No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is his name:

A 3

Backsliding souls return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compel'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosoever will, now come;
 In mercy's breast there yet is room.

IV. *The contrite Heart.* C. M.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart, or no?
 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel:
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.

H Y M N IV.

7

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy faints are comforted I know,
And love thy house of pray'r ;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice, or ach ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

THE Gospel brings tidings to each wounded
soul,
That Jesus the Saviour can make it quite whole;
And what makes this Gospel most precious to me,
It offers salvation so perfectly free.

This Gospel says further, God sending his Son,
To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one;
This makes then the Gospel so precious to me,
'Tis surely a Gospel as full as 'tis free.

Since Jesus hath sav'd me, and that freely too,
I fain would in all things my gratitude shew;
But as for man's merit, 'tis hateful to me,
The Gospel, I love it, 'tis perfectly free.

HYMN VI.

9

Redeeming Love. 7.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praise and blest *Redeeming Love!*]

Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste *Redeeming Love!*]

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love*!

He subdu'd th'infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming Love*!

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string!
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise *Redeeming Love*!

VII. *A Caution to Professors.* L. M.

NOT words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own;
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Return the Savior words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made *him* free.

VIII. *Light shining out of Darknefs.* C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

IX. *Helpless Man.* C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thine hand;
My choicest comforts came from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

What is the world and all things here?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;

When I attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect blifs can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixt with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends
Be *thou* my all in all.

X. *Self-examination.* C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

H Y M N X.

15

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!

How sweet their mem'ry still!

But now I find an aching void,

Which God alone can fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,

Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that make me mourn,

That drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,

Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to bear it from thy throne,

And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,

Calm and serene my frame;

And light divine mark out the road,

That leads me to the Lamb.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blisful ray ;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase these clouds away !
Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The token of thy love :
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

XI. *Grace experienced.* C. M.

OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest :
Oft, when my pray'r was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy fire impart,
And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.

XII.

B

O

H Y M N XII.

17

Why this profusion of thy grace
To such a worm as me ?

Father, I ask in fix'd amaze,
Explain the mystery !

Why dost thou to a sinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear ?

Thou hear'st my Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

XII. *Divine Manifestation in Distress.* 6. 7. 8.

WHEN I travail in distress,
Or grief of any kind,
Burthen'd with uneasiness,
And anguish on my mind ;
One sweet ray of heavenly light
Breaks up the clouds that come between ;

B

Turns to day the gloomy night,
And quite renews the scene.

My complaints with speed remove,
My sorrows turn to joy ;
Songs of melody and love
Again my tongue employ ;
Then I enter into rest,
Again I call Immanuel mine ;
And, like John, upon his breast
My weary head recline.

XIII. *For Increase in Grace.* C. M.

O Jesu, Jesu, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove !

For oh! how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and pride.

Yet, dearest Savior, love me still,
The poorest and the worst;
For well I know where sin abounds,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good;
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I this love withstood.

Savior of finners, keep me near,
Nor let me turn away,
From thy dear cross, and bleeding wounds,
But bind me there to stay.

On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things pass away ;
Create all new, and draw me still,
Still nearer, every day.

Lord, speak to me with thy sweet voice,
And give me ears to hear :
Still love, forgive, and pity me,
And hear a sinner's pray'r.

XIV. *Another.* C. M,

O GIVE me, Saviour, give me still
My poverty to know ;
Increase my faith, each day in grace
And knowledge may I grow.
Open still more the mystery
Of thy dear bleeding cross ;
And for this precious pearl, let me
Count all things else but dross.

O how transcendent is that grace,
Which thou dost then bestow,
When nothing in myself I feel,
But misery and woe !

'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,
Thy suffering state I see,
And through that veil with joy behold
Thy tend'rest love to me.

XV. *The waiting Soul.* C. M.

BREATHE from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north ;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call thy spices forth !

I wish thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope ;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirit up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee ;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so ;
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar ;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.

There, till the dear deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble pray'r ;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

H Y M N XVI.

23

Coming to Christ. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.
See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room !
Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet,
In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites the souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

B 4

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There, the united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

XVII. *The good Fight.* 140.

OUR God is above
Men, devils, and sin ;
My Jesus's love
The battle shall win :

So terribly glorious
His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious
Shall conquer for me.

He all shall break through ;
His truth and his grace
Shall bring me into
The plentiful place :
Through much tribulation,
Through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation,
And flames of desire.

On Jesus, my pow'r,
For strength I rely ;
All evil before
His presence shall fly :

If I have a Savior,
He will not depart ;
But Jesus, for ever,
Shall hold fast my heart.

XVIII. *The Conquerors.* 6. 8.

BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low ?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight ,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th'invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp;
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

Oh ! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord;
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side !

Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

XIX. *Protecting Love.* L. M.

WHAT though my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep :
A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen. yet for ever at hand :
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest if my Savior is nigh ;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night-season supply :

H Y M N XIX.

29

He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.

Kind author, and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.

Inspirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking, resign :

If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy ministr'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
Bright Seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd ;
And Angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows ;
Their fervor is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King ;

HYMN XX.

31

I too, at thy season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join,
 And love and adore without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

XX. *Reflections on Christ's Love.* 8. 7.

O MY Lord! I've often mused
 On thy wondrous love to me;
 How I have the same abused,
 Slighted, disregarded thee!
 To thy church and thee a stranger,
 Pleas'd with what displeas'd thee;
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.
 But unwearied thou pursu'dst me,
 Still thy calls repeated came;
 Till on *Calvary's* Mount I view'd thee,
 Bearing my reproach and blame.

Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
Whilst I view each pierced limb,
Tears bedew the scourges furrow
Mingling with the purple stream.

I no more at *Mary* wonder
Dropping tears upon the grave ;
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is he who died to save ?
Dying love her heart attracted ;
Soon she felt its rising pow'r :
He who *Mary* thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

XXI. *The Believer's Resolution.* 8. 7.

SAVIOR, can'st thou love a traitor ?
Can'st thou love a child of wrath ?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death ?

H Y M N XXI.

33

Is thy blood so efficacious,
 As to make my nature clean? -
 Is thy sacrifice so precious,
 As to free me from my sin?

Sin on every hand surrounds me,
 No acquittance can I hear;
 Pangs of unbelief confound me.
 Oh! my grief I cannot bear:

Here then is my resolution,
 At thy dearest feet to fall:
 Here I'll meet with condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou canst, to wretched me?
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die.

If I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;
 If I meet with free salvation,
 I will magnify thy name.

XXII. *Worthy the Lamb.* 6. 4.

GLORY to God on high,
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 Praise ye his name !

Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 And saints cry evermore,

“ Worthy the Lamb !

All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,

Praising his name :

We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

Join all the ransom'd race
Our Lord and God to bleſs:
Praise ye his name!

In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noiſe;
And ſhout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Tho' we muſt change our place,
Yet ſhall we never ceaſe
Praising his name:

To him we'll tribute bring ;
Hail him our gracious King ;
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb !

XXIII. *Grace.* S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
'Twas grace that wrote my name
In thy eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

For a renewed Heart. 8.

O Lord, how faithless is my heart,
How very apt from thee to stray!
Just like a broken bow I start,
And nature strives to bear the sway:
Was ever one so vile, yet blest'd;
So foul, yet by the Lord caress'd?
Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
And bind my passions to thy cross;
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loss;
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
And stablish in my heart thy throne!
Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
And speak the tempest to a calm;
Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
And prove a never-failing balm;

The maladies of sin remove,
And fill my soul with holy love.

Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt please
To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r ;
I'd sing the glories of thy grace,
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er ;
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song !

XXV. *Thankfulness for Grace.* 6. 8.

WHAT voice is this I hear ;
A kind salute of grace,
Which whispers in my ear
The grateful words of peace ?
Hail, blessed Lord ! 'tis thy sweet voice,
Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

Thou art my chief delight,
A lovely friend indeed;
Most precious in my fight,
My help in ev'ry need:
Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the way,
And thank thee for this gospel day.

Unworthy as I am,
And base in my own eyes,
On my account the Lamb
Ascends the upper skies;
Assumes at God's right hand a seat,
And lets me sit beneath his feet.

My great High Priest is gone
Into the holy place;
The curtain is withdrawn,
Which veil'd his lovely face;

The passage now is clear and free,
The veil is rent for happy me.

XXVI. *For a living Faith.* C. M.

I N thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort all in thee ;
Whilst here I feel thy mercy nigh,
I know thou guardest me.

Me, nor the saints of earth can help,
Nor angels near thy throne ;
To thee I run thy help to find,
And trust in thee alone.

I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave ;
But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Mine whom thou cam'st to save.

On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
A *living* faith bestow ;
That I thy nature's hidden sweets,
May taste, and see and know.
Triumphant let me live, by love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
And faithfully to Jesus give
The life which he bestow'd.

XXVII. *Desiring divine Communion.* C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring word,
Our fallen spirits hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall we wake up ?
Thou, O our God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way ;
Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
Our sinking footsteps stay.

H Y M N XXVIII.

43

All that thou dost on earth bestow
Of heaven, vouchsafe to give :
Give us, O Lord, thyself to know,
In thee to walk and live.

Fill us with all the life of love ;
In mystic union join
Us to thyself, and let us prove
The fellowship divine.

Open the intercourse between
Our longing souls and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Through all eternity.

XXVIII. *Invitation to Praise.* S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
Sing on rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children come;
Soon will he call you hence away,
To take his wand'ers home.

Psalm 100. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth *must* stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Wrestling Jacob. 7.

NAY, I cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard, and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

FA
As by
Le

Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now :
Who could hold me up but thou ?
Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need ;
This emboldens me to plead,
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

XXXI. *Self Dedication.* 7.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one !
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done !

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n?

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live ;
All mine actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive ;
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have and all I am !

Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel ;
All I think, and speak and do ;
Take mine heart—but make it new !

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one !

H Y M N XXXII.

49

As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done!
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

XXXII. *Good Friday.* 8. 8. 6.

“ ’TIS finish’d,” the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow’d his dying head;
 O wondrous loving pain!
 Come, sinners, and mark well the word;
 There view the conquests of our Lord,
 Complete for helpless man,

Finish’d the righteousness of grace,
Finish’d the pain that bought our peace;
 The sinner’s debt is paid;
 Accusing law cancell’d by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

D

Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn,

Faith a release can shew:

Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?

Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'Tis *finish'd*, still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

XXXIII. *The same.* 8.

O Love divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree.

H Y M N XXXIII.

51

Th' immortal God for me hath died;
My Lord, my love is crucified!

Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, Was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied;
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchas'd with his blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side;
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;

All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him :
Of nothing speak or think beside ;
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

XXXIV. *Original and actual Sin.* C. M.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes :
Against thy law, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise !
Shouldst thou consign my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust ;
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
No works nor righteousness of men
For sin can e'er atone :
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

HYMN XXXV.

53

Then do not from my soul depart,
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create anew my sinful heart,
And fill my mouth with praise.

XXXV. *The Atonement.* 8. 7.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou *Galilean* King,

Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring:

Hail, thou precious, precious Savior,
Who hast borne our sin and shame ;

By whose merit we find favor ;
Life is given through thy name !

Paschal Lamb. by God appointed,

All our sins were on thee laid :
By almighty love anointed,

Thou hast full atonement made.

D 3

Ev'ry sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood !
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There forever to abide,
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
" Spare them yet another year ;"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive,
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise !

XXXVI. *Christ's Merits.* 8. 7.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sov'reign good ;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchas'd by thy blood.

From thy fulness we receive them ;
We have nothing of our own ;
Freely thou delight'st to give them
To the needy who have none.

Teach us by thy patient spirit,
How to mourn and not despair ;
Let us leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.

Whatsoever afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please :
But defend defend us Jesus,
From security and ease.

XXXVII. *Prayer for Assurance.* 8.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again :
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Let no more doubt or cloud remain :

Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heav'n.

O give th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine ;
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine :
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God.

XXXVIII. *For Christ's Guidance.* 8. 7.

JESUS, lead me by thy power,
Safe into the promis'd rest :
Hide my soul within thy bosom,
Let me lean upon thy breast ;
Feed me with thy heav'nly manna,
Bread that angels eat above ;
Let me drink from thee, the fountain,
Draughts of everlasting love.

Through the desert wild conduct me,
With a glorious fire bright,
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering pillar by night :
Be my guide in every peril,
Watch me hourly night and day,
Else my foolish heart will wander
From my spirit far away.

Nothing can preserve my going,
But salvation full and free ;
Nothing can my soul dishearten,
But my absence, Lord, from thee :
Nothing can delay my progress,
Nothing can disturb my rest,
If I can, whate'er the danger,
Lean my spirit on thy breast.

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In thy presence I am happy,
In thy presence I'm secure ;
In thy presence all afflictions
I can easily endure ;
In thy presence I can conquer,
I can suffer, I can die ;
Far from thee I faint and languish ;
O my Savior keep me nigh !

XXXIX. *Another.* 8. 7.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this baren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of heaven ! bread of heaven !
Feed me now and ever more.
Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;

Let thy fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong *Deliv'rer* ! strong *Deliv'rer* !
Be thou still my *strength* and *shield*.

When I tread the verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see,
Lord I long to be with thee !

H Y M N XL.

61

Safety in Christ. 8. 8. 6.

L I G H T of the world, thy beams I blefs;
 On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
 My faith hath fix'd its eye:
 Guided by thee, through all I go,
 Nor fear the ruin spread below,
 For thou art always nigh.

Ten thousand snares my path beset,
 Yet shall I, Lord, the work complete,
 Which thou to me hast giv'n:
 Superior to the pains I feel,
 Close by the gates of death and hell,
 I urge my way to heav'n.

Still may I strive, and labor still,
 With humble zeal, to do thy will,
 And trust in thy defence;

My soul into thy hands I give ;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

XLI. *The waiting Soul.* C. M.

I Wait the visits of thy grace,
My Savior and my God ;
O come and shew thy smiling face,
And wash me in thy blood.

Oh ! whither can I go to get
A pardon for my sin ?
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him.

Oh ! that I could but once, by faith,
Behold him on the tree ;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.

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HYMN XLII.

63

Oh! that I might at once be found
 In that blest *wedding dress*,
 Which in my ears doth often sound,
 His blood and righteousness,
 'Tis this alone can give me ease,
 And heal my wounded heart;
 My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
 His sufferings and smart.

XLII. *The Lord our Righteousness.* L. M.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of earth I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd, hath died, for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus *Abraham*, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our *righteousness*!

Will ye also go away ? C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas ! what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
" Wilt thou forsake me to ? "

Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?

The help of men and angels join'd,
Can never reach my case ;

Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go ?
Yet Lord, relying on thy love,
I humbly answer, No.

XLIV. *The Jubilee.* 6. 8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

H Y M N XLIV.

67

Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb!
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The *gift* of Jesu's love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home !

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Savior's face.
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal home !

XLV. *The same.* L. M.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high ;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a num'rous army nigh.

A solemn jubilee proclaim
Proclaim the great sabbatic day :

H Y M N XLVI.

69

Affert the glories of thy name,
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey!
 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign:
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 The myst'ry to the heart explain.
 Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight;
 The travail of thy soul regain;
 Before the blind make darkness light,
 And crooked paths do thou make plain.

XLVI. *Unchangeable Love.* C. M.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
 E'en when he hides his face,
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
 His glory and his grace.
 Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
 And part of heav'n possess'd!

E 3

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 Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
 And part of heav'n possess'd!

E 3

I thank him for his grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Thus will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face ;
And in the new Jerusalem
Assign my soul a place.

XLVII. *I am the God of Abraham.* 6. 8. 4.

THE God of *Abr'ham* praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heav'n confest ;

I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſt.

The God of *Abr'ham* praife,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand :

I all on earth forſake ;
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r ;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

The God of *Abr'ham* praife,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways :

He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himſelf my God !

And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

XLVIII. *Part Second.*

THO' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To *Canaan's* bounds I urge my way,
At his command :
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view :

H Y M N XLVIII.

73

And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life *for ever* grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains ;

And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride :
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand ;
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Thro' all their land.
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,

H Y M N XLIX.

75

And sing, in songs that never end,
The wond'rous name.

XLIX. *Part Third.*

THE God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!

"Who was, and is the same;

"And evermore shall be;

"Jehovah—Father—great I AM?

"We worship thee."

Before the Savior's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:

He shews his prints of love,
 They kindle to a flame!
 And sound thro' all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine;
 I join the heav'nly lays:
 All might and majesty be thine,
 And endless praise.

L. *Waiting Faith.* C. M.

THE saints should never be dismay'd,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear;
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Savior will appear.

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HYMN LI.

77

Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine
Are taught us in his word;
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid;
And, though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

LI. *Mercy.* 11.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue:

Thy free grace, alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here:

But, through thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And, led by thy spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dried, and my strength is renew'd.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis giv'n to me;
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and force:

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;

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H Y M N LII.

79

'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness, mine.

LII. *In Affliction.* 104.

MY Jesus, my hope
When will he appear,
A soul to lift up
That waits for him here ;
In much tribulation,
In trouble's excess,
In height of temptation,
And depth of distress ?
O when shall I see
An end of my pain ;

And triumph in thee,
My Savior, again ?
Lord, hasten the hour,
Thy kingdom bring in ;
And give me thy pow'r,
And save me from sin.

O Jesus, thou know'st
My sorrowful load ;
And see'st that my trust
Is all in thy blood :
Thou wilt have compassion,
My burden remove ;
Thy name is salvation,
Thy nature is love.

Thy nature and name
My portion shall be,

H Y M N LIII.

81

Who humbly lay claim
To all things in thee :
The days of my mourning
And painful distress,
Shall, at thy returning,
Eternally cease.

LIII. *Hardness of Heart.* L. M.

JESUS, thou lovely bleeding Lamb,
To thee I pour out my complaint,
I will not hide from thee my shame ;
I own, and blush to own my want.

If yet thou canst compassion have ;
If grace doth more than sin abound,
In me exert thy power to save,
And let me in thy rest be found.

Lay to thine hand, almighty love ;
The work, O God, is worthy thee,
Such sad destruction to remove,
And save a soul so vile as me.

Not without hope, for thee I mourn ;
I feel, in part, thy love to me ;
Thy love, my flinty heart shall turn,
And get itself the victory.

Thou lov'dst, before the world began,
This poor, unloving soul of mine :
Jesus came down, my God was man,
That I might all become divine.

My anchor this, which cannot move,
The servant as his Lord shall be :
And I shall live my God to love,
And die in him who died for me.

H Y M N LIV.

83

Imputed Righteousness. C. M.

FAIR as the moon my robes appear,
While graces are my dress;
Clear as the sun, while found to wear
My Savior's righteousness.

My moon-like graces, changing much,
Are soil'd with many a spot;
My sun-like glory is not such;
My Savior changes not.

In him array'd, my robes of light
The morning rays outshine:
The stars of heav'n are not so bright,
Nor angels half so fine.

Though hellish smoke my duties stain,
And sin deform me quite;
The blood of Jesus makes me clean,
And his obedience, white.

Then let the law in rigor stand,
And for perfection call;
My Lord discharg'd the whole demand,
My surety paid it all.

Let ev'ry high self-righteous thought
Be utterly cast down;
Free-grace alone the work hath wrought,
And grace shall wear the crown.

O may I practically shew
My interest in that grace!
Be all I am, and have, and do,
Devoted to thy praise!

LV. *The Church's Head—St. Stephen's.*

HHEAD of the church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory;

H Y M N LV.

85

We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love divine which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The world despise for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us.

And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

LVI. *The waiting Soul.* L. M.

WHAT can a sinner do like me,
 When struck by an almighty power,
 And sunk in deepest misery ?
 Nothing, but wait at mercy's door.

H Y M N LVI.

87

[What eye can see or heart can love,
What hand relieve my misery?
None but the Savior's from above,
Who for my sins did bleed and die.]

Surely in mercy he'll pass by,
And view a wretched slave of sin;
Pity will move him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy creature clean.

In mercy, Lord, thy creature see,
And spread thy skirt my shame to hide;
O speak the word and I shall be
Cloath'd with thy robe and justify'd.

Then shall my happy soul enjoy
A lasting peace in thee, my God;
Then my whole business and employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's blood.

Sunday. L. M.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
One glorious sabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee
Among thy sheep in this thy fold.
Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng;
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
Gather the lambs into thine arms,
And satisfy their ev'ry want;
And those with young defend from harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.
Put forth thy shepherd's crook and stay
Thy wandering sheep, and bring them back;
Oh! bring the wandering home to day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

Let every soul before thee here
Through thee, the door, now enter in,
Find pasture with our Savior dear,
Sav'd from the guilt and power of sin.
Dear tender-hearted Shepherd look,
And let our wants thy bowels move;
And kindly lead thy little flock
To the sweet pastures of thy love.
There sweetly feed our hungry souls
In flowery fields near the sweet stream,
Where living water gently rolls
Towards the new Jerusalem.

LVIII. *o y Desires.* 6. 7. 8.

NOTHING in this world I want,
No treasure here beneath;
Only for thee, Lord, I pant,
For thee alone I breathe :

Wipe away my nature's sin,
Thy image in my breast restore;
Thou alone canst make me clean,
And bid me sin no more.

Thou inviteſt me to come
To ſhare thy people's reſt;
Poor in ſpirit I preſume
To preſs unto the feaſt:

Saving faith to me impart,
And cloath me with thy rightcouſneſs,
In the fountain dip my heart,
And ſign my glad releaſe.

Fill me with thy perfect love,
And answer each complaint;
Unbelieving thoughts remove,
And baniſh all my want:

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H Y M N LIX.

91

Lord enable me, by grace,
My every weight to lay aside;
Patiently to run my race,
Till thou dost take thy bride.

LIX. *Perseverance.* 11.

STAND fast in the gospel; 'tis Christ makes you
free,
Close join'd unto Jesus may ev'ry heart be:
The point for the happy eternity's now;
We reap at the last as in time we do sow.
All those of the gen'ral assembly above,
Who now with the seraphs are flaming in love,
Were once in distress in this valley of tears,
And came to their bliss thro' abundance of fears.
Through patience and faith after them let us press,
And trace from their footsteps, the highway of
grace;

'Tis now called day, but the night will soon come,
When labor must cease, and the lab'ers go home.

LX. *Divine Love.* 7. 6.

O Love, come, sweetly bind me,
And keep me near thy side;
And evermore remind me,
That thou for me hast died.

I wish to hear thy spirit,
Of that for ever preach,
That thy love, blood, and merit,
May me obedience teach.

I know that my salvation
Is certain, through thy love,
And Oh! on each occasion
May I most faithful prove!

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H Y M N LXI.

93

What's past thou hast forgiven,
Shall I forgive it too?

And forward press to heaven,
With only thee in view.

I feel thou'lt not forsake me,

Though I am fill'd with shame,
Then from this moment take me,
Poor sinner as I am.

O love thus freely given,
My helpless heart to cheer,

Be this my only heaven,
My Jesus to dwell near!

LXI. *Good Friday.* 8.

'TIS done! th' atoning work is done!
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels th' important groan
Loud echoing through earth and skies;

The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black !

The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead ;
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Savior dies.

And shall not we his death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan ?
O Savior ! let thy passion shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone :
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

H Y M N LXII.

95

LXII. *The Joy of Faith.*

HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And can venture our soul's on thy gracious decree!
In Jesus approv'd;
From eternity lov'd;
And held in his hand, whence we cannot be mov'd!
'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine;
While, borne from above,
And upheld by thy love,
We with singing and triumph to Sion remove.
As doves we have prest
To the ark of thy breast,

That harbor of safety, that centre of rest :

Thou has taken us in,

Thou hast cancell'd our sin,

And sown the sure seed of salvation within.

Our seeking thy face

Was the fruit of thy grace ;

Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all the praise:

No sinner can be

Beforehand with thee ;

Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.

Effectually drawn,

We came to thy Son ;

And thou'lt perfect the work, for the work was thy

Thy breath, from above,

[own :

The spark shall improve ;

No floods can extinguish our dawning of love.

H Y M N LXIII.

Part Second.

97

OUR Savior and Friend
His love shall extend;
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
Whom once he receives,
His spirit ne'er leaves;
Nor revokes, nor repents of, the grace that he gives.

Through mercy we taste
The invisible feast,
The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the blest:
Who grants us to know
His drawings below,
Will endless salvation and glory bestow.

G

This proof we can give,
 That thee we receive,
 Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe;
 Thou art precious to us;
 All beside is as dross,
 When compar'd with thy love and the blood of
 thy cross.

LXIV. *Part Third.*

LORD, one thing we want:
 More holiness grant!
 For more of thy mind, and thy likeness, we pant:
 Thine image impress
 On thy favorite race;
 Oh! fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.
 Thy workmanship we
 More plainly would be;
 Lord, take us in hand, and conform us to thee!

H Y M N LXIV. : 99

Thy impressi^on to bear,
Thy likeness to wear,
Be this our ambition, our study, and pray'r!

Thou hast made it our will
To resemble thee still:
Turn our hearts to thy Spirit, as clay to the seal!
While onward we move
To the Canaan above,
Make us holy and humble before thee in love.

All this shall be done;
'Tis already begun!
Thou, from conqu'ring to conquer, in us wilt go on:
In us, when we die,
Thy grace from on high
Will the finishing hand to thine image apply.

100 : H Y M N LXV.

We shall still be renew'd,
Till thy spirit and blood
Have ripen'd us quite for the vision of God :
When that moment is come,
Thou wilt send for us home,
And thy perfected saints to thy glory assume.

On Immanuel's land
We shortly shall stand,
With crowns on our heads, and with harps in our
His harp, lo, each tunes ! [hand:
Lo, we cast down our crowns !
And with songs of salvation heav'n's concave re-
sounds !

LXV. *For Christ's Presence.* 10. 5.

O Jesus ! my God ! come, make thine abode
Within my poor heart :

O Jesus ! come quickly ; a Savior thou art.

H Y M N LXV. IOI

Salvation I need ; I want to be freed
From all my distress,
And feel in my heart the rich blessings of peace.

I thirst to be thine, to feel thee within,
Diffusing abroad
Thy love, that my heart may ascend unto God.
This, Lord, thou canst do, and give me to know
My sins are forgiv'n,
My treasure laid up in the kingdom of heaven.

Take me as I am, thy property claim ;
My nature refine,
And form my affections and temper divine.
No more would I breathe for objects beneath ;
But live to thy praise,
Advancing in knowledge, and growing in grace.

102 H Y M N LXVI.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

O Lord, how great's the favor
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, through thy death's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace ;
There wait the welcome message
Which bids us go in peace !

Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead ;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin ;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid ?
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's head ?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

[We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints ;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of saints :
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love ;
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.]

Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing story
Of Jesu's love so great :
In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation,
As none below can tell.

LXVII. *Good Friday.* L. M.

'TIS finish'd?—the Messiah dies ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own !
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.
Finish'd the first transgression is,
And purg'd the guilt of actual sin

H Y M N LXVIII. 105

And everlasting righteousness
Is brought, for all his people, in.

'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain ;
I want no sacrifice beside :
For me, for me, the Lamb is slain,
And I'm for ever justify'd.

Sin, death, and hell, are now subdu'd ;
All grace is now to sinners giv'n :
And, lo, I plead th' atoning blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

LXVIII. *Come to Christ.* C. M.

JESUS, each blind and trembling soul
Let thy soft voice persuade,
In all distress to come to thee,
We need not be afraid.

106 H Y M N LXVIII.

Is sin our grief? whatever sin,
No difference it makes :
'Tis all forgiv'n through that blood,
Thou sheddest for our sakes.

Is unbelief the sin we feel?
Above all sin accurst :
Yet when thou suffered'st for sin,
Thou didst include the worst.

Have we, which bitter is indeed,
Forsook thy love when known?
Yet thou a gentle master art,
Nor wilt the weak disown.

Are we o'erwhelm'd with thought and care?
Hath sorrow seiz'd our breast?
Though 'tis a shame it should be so,
Yet thou wilt give us rest.

Are we uncertain what's the case,
But feel we are not right ?
Our hearts before thee we must lay,
Be children in thy sight.

LXIX. *Let thy Presence go with me.* C. M.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there :
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.
Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms :
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs :
Death like a narrow stream divides
The heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan flood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

O could I make my fears remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise ;
And see the Canaan which I love,
With unbecclouded eyes !

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

LXX. *Christ the best Friend.*

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end ;

They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Jesus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them, Brethren, Friends ;
And to all their wants attends.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!

Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

We, alas! forget too often

What a friend we have above:

But when home our souls are brought,

We will love thee as we ought.

LXXI. *Christ the Believer's All.* L. M.

IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd;

By him my feeble soul's sustain'd;

From him I all things do receive,

Through him my soul does daily live.

With him I daily love to walk,

Of him my soul delights to talk;

On him I cast my every care,

Like him one day I shall appear.

H Y M N LXXII. 111

Bless him, my soul, from day to day ;
Trust him to bring thee on thy way :
Give him thy poor weak sinful heart ;
With him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness ;
Make him thy refuge in distress ;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.

Praise him in chearful, grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs ;
To him who does your heav'n prepare,
And him you'll praise for ever there.

LXXII. *God's Covenant.* C. M.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

112 H Y M N LXXII.

What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servant shall aspire.

My cares, I cast them all on thee,
Take them, dear Lord, thou must ;
Well may I leave my all with him
With whom my soul I trust.

I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love ;
And I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

H Y M N LXXIII. 113

For Perseverance. 8. 8. 6.

LORD, make me faithful to thy call,
In heart still truly give up all,
Myself to thee resign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline!

My feet with oil anoint;
The destin'd path thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread;
Bedew me with a genial show'r,
Into my heart thine influence pour,
With living manna feed.

A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus, to thy child impart,
In ev'ry trying hour:

H

114 H Y M N LXXIV.

Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eyes on thee intent,
'Till fight my faith o'erpow'r.

LXXIV. *The Second Advent.* 8. 7. 4.

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

H Y M N LXXIV. 115

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t'inherit,

Take thy pining exiles home ;

All creation

Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

LXXV. *The same.* 8. 7. 8.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Savior dear
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul.

From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face !
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Savior's face.

H Y M N LXXV. 117

Descending from his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord !

Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns :
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit blest for evermore :
Salvation's glorious work is done.

118 H Y M N LXXVI.

We welcome thee, great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome thee, great Three in One.

LXXVI. *For the Spread of the Gospel.* 8. 7. 4.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travel
On a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jub'lee, &c.
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel, &c.
Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption, &c.
 Freely purchas'd win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name :
 All the borders, &c.
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease
 May thy lasting wide dominion

I20 H Y M N LXXVII.

Multiply, and still increase ;
May thy scepter, &c.
Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

LXXVII. *Praise to Christ.* 7.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace :
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n !

Master, see, to thee we bow ;
Thou art Lord, and only thou :
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church, and head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise our Priest and King :
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
 Of salvation by thee wrought;
 Wrought for all thy church; and we
 Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore
 Thee, the Lord, for evermore:
 Ever with us shew thy love,
 Till we join with those above!

LXXVIII. *For Faith in Christ.* C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin how deep its stains!
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from God's sacred word;
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

I 22 H Y M N LXXVIII.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief!

We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief!

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye!

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew!

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus and our all!

To the Lord that healeth. C. M.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;

Deep wounded souls to thee repair,

And, Savior, we are such.

Our faith is feeble we confess,

We faintly trust thy word;

But wilt thou pity us the less?

Be that far from thee, Lord!

Remember him who once apply'd,

With trembling, for relief;

"Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,

"O help my unbelief."

She too, who touch'd thee in the press,

And healing virtue stole,

Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,

Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring throng,
She would have shun'd thy view ;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh ! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

LXXX. *Following Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin ;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling souls, and I am one ;
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.

The more I strove against their pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Savior say,
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

LXXXI. *Love divine.* 8. 7.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

H Y M N LXXXI. 127

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promis'd rest !
Take away the love of sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve thee, as the hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing ;
Glory in thy dying love.

128 H Y M N LXXXII.

Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our own salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by thee:
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

LXXXII. I

Comfortable Prospect of Death and Judgment. 6. 8.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

H Y M N LXXXII. 129

He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend ;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.
Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching may we be found !

130 H Y M N LXXXIII.

With that blest wedding robe indu'd,
The blood and righteousness of God.

LXXXIII. *Surrendering of Heart.* C. M.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove!
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers love:

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with shame, when I
Do not thy will pursue.

H Y M N LXXXIV. 131

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord;
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word!

LXXXIV. *Happiness only in Christ.* C. M.

O Dearest Lord, take thou my heart;
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

If zeal, with knowledge in my heart,
Thy loving grace does give;
Safe in the bush, unhurt, the whole
Will unconsumed live.

132 H Y M N LXXXIV.

If love, that mildest flame, can rest
In hearts so cold as mine ;
Come, blessed Savior, to my breast,
And all its love be thine.

My Lord hath seiz'd me with sweet force,
His prize and purchase just :
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

O 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on grace's ground.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace :
And the blest heav'n, I hope, above,
Is there to see his face,

H Y M N LXXXV. 133

LXXXV. *For Grace.* C. M.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they finners are !
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there.

Thus grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come, who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless finners still.

[All we, who now are his, were first
Deeply convinc'd of sin ;
Each felt the plague of his own heart ;
The leprosy within :

Then life and righteousness divine
Through faith were to us giv'n ;
Thus we a happy people are,
Coheirs with Christ of heav'n.]

134 H Y M N LXXXV.

Now, dearest Lord! we inly pray,
That in thy service we
May active, holy, faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee!

O let us still in thee abide,
For babes we are most weak;
Poor sinners still, who without thee,
Can nought think, act, or speak.

We thirst, O Lord; give us, this day,
To taste more of this grace;
More of that stream which from the rock
Flow'd in the wilderness.

'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And, Oh! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore!

H Y M N LXXXVI. 135

Looking to the Deliverer. 8. 7.

GOD of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity on my pain ;
Hear a mournful broken spirit,
Prostrate at thy feet complain ;
Many are my foes, and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none ;
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy blessed Self alone.

Savior, look on thy beloved ;
Triumph over all my foes ;
Turn to heav'nly joy my mourning ;
Turn to gladness all my woes :
Live or die. or work, or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and stedfast by thy side.

136 H Y M N LXXXVI.

When temptations fierce assault me,
 When my enemies I find,
 Sin and guilt, and death, and Satan,
 All against my soul combin'd;
 Hold me up in mighty waters,
 Keep my eyes on things above,
 Righteousness, divine atonement,
 Peace, and everlasting love.

LXXXVII. *Good Friday.* 8.

FLOW fast, my tears; the cause is great;
 This tribute claims an injur'd Friend:
 One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
 And yet he lov'd me to the end.
 When death his terrors round me spread,
 And aim'd his arrows at my head,
 Christ interpos'd, the wound he bore,
 And bade the monster dare no more.

H Y M N LXXXVII. 137

Fast flow, my tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple tide,
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
 I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side,
 Keen pangs and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;
 While justice arm'd with pow'r divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.

Fast, and yet faster flow, my tears,
 Love breaks the heart and drains the eyes:
 His visage marr'd, tow'rd heav'n he rears,
 And, pleading for his murd'rer, dies!
 My grief nor measure knows, nor end,
 Till he appears the sinner's Friend!
 And gives me in an happy hour,
 To feel the risen Savior's pow'r.

138 H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Tribulation. S. M.

THE favor'd saints of God,
His messengers and seers,
The narrow path of sufferings trod,
And walk'd this vale of tears :
Through sore afflictions past
To better worlds above;
And more than conquer'd all at last,
Through our Redeemer's love.
Suff'ers, like them, beneath,
Through much distress and pain,
Through various toils of sin and death,
We come with them to reign :
Jesus, our glorious King,
Shall wipe our tears away,
And call us up his praise to sing,
In everlasting day.

H Y M N LXXXIX. 139

The joys ineffable
That from thy presence flow ;
The fulness, here, we cannot tell,
But, Lord, we die to know.

LXXXIX. *For Christ's Presence.* 7.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally ;
Worthy Friend of sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy :
This is still my cry to thee,
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

Could I clearly see above,
What thy saints possess in love ;
All would be but misery,
Except Jesus was with me.

Son of God, my dearest Lord,
All my crown and my reward :
Thou who freely dy'dst for me,
Shalt alone my bridegroom be.

XC. *Restoring and preserving Grace.* L. M.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
To God I cry'd when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes
My rising fears he did controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
Amidst a thousand snares I stand :
Upheld and guarded by his hand :
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, and from sins;
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

XCI. *Unchangeable Love.* L. M.

WHEN darkness long had veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.
Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee,
O let me then at length be taught,
What still I am so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat :

But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,

Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But Oh! my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,

Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine ;

Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence mine,

XCII. *Absence from God.* C. M.

O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry ;

Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

See, low before thy throne of grace,

A wretched wand'rer mourn !

Thyself hast bid me seek thy face ;

Thyself hast said, Return.

And shall my guilty fears prevail

To drive me from thy feet ?

Thy word of promise cannot fail ;

My tow'r of safe retreat.

Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,

Without one cheering ray ;

Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,

How desolate my way !

O shine on this benighted heart,

With beams of mercy shine ;

And let thy Spirit's voice impart

A taste of joys divine !

At Parting. C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside !
Nothing desire, nor ought esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd,

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace :
Out of his fulness still receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.

O
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But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

XCIV. *Thanksgiving.* 104.

O What shall I do, my Savior to praise ;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer, that hangs upon him !
How happy the man whose heart is set free ;
The people that can be joyful in thee ;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face ;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness claim ;

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H Y M N XCV.

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy
blood,

Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

XCV. *Appropriation.* C. M.

A Form of words, though e'er so sound,
Can never save a soul:
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

Election is a precious truth ;
But, Lord, I wish to be
Assur'd, by thy own Spirit's mouth,
That thou hast chosen *me*.

Sinners, I read, are justified
By faith in Jesu's blood ;
But when to *me* that blood's applied,
'Tis then I've peace with God.

Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine :
Dear Savior, to my heart make known,
That all thy merit's *mine*.

To perseverance I agree ;
No sun-beam is so clear :
Because my Lord has promis'd me,
That I shall persevere.

Thus Christians glorify the Lord ;
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witness to the word,
With all its saving powers.

XCVI. *In praise of Jesus Christ.* 6. 7. 8.

COME, my Father's family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
Come, ye sinners, who with me,
Are ev'ry where abhorr'd :

Let us gladly trace his steps
Who suffer'd death among the Jews ;
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
Our Master let us own ;
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Savior, he alone.

Let us take and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be;
Mock'd and slighted as he was,
For you, my friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.

None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth the praise may claim;
None but Jesus shall be ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

XCVII. *Psalms cxiii. 3.* L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

150 H Y M N XCVIII.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truths attend thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more !

XCVIII. *Believer's Blessedness.* L. M.

HOW blest are they whose feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground ;
And stedfast walk the blisful road
Far from the path by sinners trod.
Their weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly, on Jesu's breast ;
They so much of his mercy prove,
As wins their grateful souls to love. -
His Spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
And gives them patience here to wait.
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.

He arms them for the evil day,
That they in heart with him may stay ;
He girds them with his mighty power,
And brings them through the trying hour.

Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,
Ev'n Jesus Christ the living word ;
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
Till it break out in endless day.

XCIX. *In Temptation.* C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer, Savior, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend ;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
And life and liberty :
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue
 Uuconquerable fin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.

While, full of anguish and disease,
 My weak distemper'd soul,
Thy love compassionately sees,
 O let it make me whole.

To thy great name if all things now
 A trembling homage pay,
Make my obdurate spirit bow,
 My stiff-neck'd will obey,

Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
 Nearer to save, thou art;
Stronger than all the pow'rs of hell,
 And greater than my heart.

C. *Looking to Christ our Sacrifice.* St. M.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh!
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

Our Ransom and Peace, our Surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

The Lord in the day of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

He dies to atone for sins not his own:
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

O may we embrace the ransoming grace
Of him who hath suffer'd, and died in our place.

With joy we approve the design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.

He came from above our curse to remove ;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would
love.

When time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

C I. *Second Part.*

LOVE mov'd him to die, and on this we rely ;
Our Jesus hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why.

But this we can tell—he hath lov'd us so well,
To lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

For you, and for me, he pray'd on the tree ;
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.

That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am:
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

He purchas'd the grace, which now I embrace:
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

His death is my plea, my Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak which hath answer'd
for me.

My Ransom and Peace, my Surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

CII. *Christ the true Balm.*

HEAL me, O my Soul's Physician,
Whensoever I'm sick or sad;
All the woes of my condition
By thy balsam be allay'd:

All the ills which Adam wrought,
 Or that on myself I've brought;
 If thy blood me only cover,
 My distress will soon be over.

Thy dear feet I'll clasp tenacious,
 Nor will e'er be dispossest;
 On thy suppliant look gracious,
 Grant the wishes of my breast.

Monarch of the cross so mild,
 Say, "Thy pray'r is fulfil'd;
 "All thy grief to joy is changed;
 I have all thy sins expunged."

CIII. *The Lord is my Shepherd.* C. M.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
 Dear Lord, we fain would be;
 Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
 To thee, our Shepherd, flee.

O might we lean upon that breast,
Which love and pity fill;
And now become those lambs carefs'd,
That in thy bosom dwell.

How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,
Which leads to pastures fair;
Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

As one in heart we all rejoice,
The sinner's Friend to praise;
The Shepherd died, Oh, 'tis his voice!
He'll us to glory raise.

CIV. *Invitation.* 6. 7. 8.

SINNER, hear the Savior's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous fall,
And heard thy mournful cry.

He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears:
See the love that fills his heart!
And wipe away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!

See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood, of wond'rous virtue, flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, "There yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

CV. *The Deliverer.* 8. 7. 4.

HARK! the voice of my Beloved,
Lo, he comes in greatest need,
Leaping on the lofty mountains,

Skippping over hills with speed,
To deliver, &c.
Me unworthy from all woe.
In a dungeon deep he found me,
Without water, without light;
Bound in chains of horrid darkness,
Gloomy, thick, Egyptian night;
He recover'd, &c.
Thence my soul with price immense.
O for this let men and angels,
All the heav'nly host above,
Choirs of seraphim elected,
With their golden harps of love,
Praise and worship, &c.
My Redeemer without end.
Let believers raise their anthems,
All degrees in one accord,

Mix'd with angels and archangels,
Chaunt their dear redeeming Lord;
Love thus humbled, &c.
Suffering to redeem the lost.

CVI. *Professor, Lovest thou Christ?* 7.

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound:
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light."

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more !

CVII. *Another.* 7.

’TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

H Y M N CVII.

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If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name !

Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Savior's love ?

When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin ;
 Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN CVIII.

165

Before Sermon. 8. 7.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's grace!

O how beautiful the feet of

Him that brings good news of peace.

All hail, herald! all hail, herald! &c.

Priest of God, thy people's joy!

Savior, bless his message to us,

Give us hearts to hear the sound

Of redemption, dearly purchas'd

By thy death and precious wounds;

O reveal it! O reveal it! &c.

To our poor and helpless souls:

Give reward of Grace and glory,

To thy faithful labourer dear,

Let the incense of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and pray'r.
Bless, O bless him ; bless, O bless him, &c.
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

CIX. *After Sermon.* C. M.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Blessing, honor, praise, and power, &c.
Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !
Blessing, honor, praise, and power, &c.

HYMN CX.

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Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Blessing, honor, praise, and power, &c.

CX. *Joy and Sorrow.* C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers divine of life I see,
And trees of paradise:

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in radiant white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

Lord, what are all my suff'rings here,
If thou but make me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
And worship at thy feet !

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day !

CXI. *For spiritual Blessings.* L. M.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies ;
To thee her source my spirit flies,
O let thy cheering count'nance shine
On this poor mournful heart of mine.
From feeling misery's depths I cry,
In thy death, Savior, let me die ;
May self in thy excessive pain
Be swallow'd up, nor rise again !

Jesus! vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
Break nature's bonds, and let me see
That whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays;
My mind would deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.

I know that nought we have avails;
Here all our strength and wisdom fails:
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou, only thou, supreme of men!

Lord, well I know thy tender love;
Thou never did'st unfaithful prove;
A readiness I find in thee,
From self and sin to set me free.

Still will I long and wait for thee,
Till in thy light, the light I see,
Till thou in thy good time appear,
And sav'st my soul from ev'ry snare.

All my own schemes and self-design,
I to thy better will resign,
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I'm in thee already blest.

When my desires I fix on thee,
And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
Thy smiling face my heart perceives,
Sweetly refresh'd, in safety lives.

So ev'n in storms I thee shall find
My sure support, my guardian kind;
And I from age to age shall prove
That God in Christ is perfect love.

The Peace of God. 8. 7.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein,
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of cancell'd sin !
Peace, that speaks its heav'nly Giver,
Peace to sensual minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts forever,
Here erect its glorious throne !

Lord, if now thou passest by us,
Stand, and call us unto thee ;
Fully, freely justify us,
Give us eyes thy love to see ;
Love that brought thee down from heav'n
Made our God a man of grief ;
Let it shew our sins forgiven ;
Help, O help our unbelief !

Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
By thy swift appearing cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come:
Answer all our expectation,
Give our raptur'd souls to prove
Glorious, uttermost salvation,
Heav'nly, everlasting love.

CXIII. *Amazing Love.* C. M.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Could he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man, his creature's, sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
That debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
O help me so to do.

CXIV. *Christ the great Melchisedec.* C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee:
No music like thy lovely name,
Does sound so sweet to me!

Oh may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec ! Hallelujah.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay :
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song. Hallelujah.

CXV. *The Ransom.* 8.

SAY, where's thy hope ? thou sinner, say,
Look ev'ry where, and ask around ;
Who all the mighty debt can pay,
Can a fit ransom e'er be found ?

Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
The Lamb for me had suffer'd death!

Far, far away, must Satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain:
For Jesus, when he deign'd to die,
My bondage broke, and burst my chain;
And conqu'ror in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence becomes his right.

Take thou possession of my heart,
Jesu, and make me live to thee;
With thee let nothing claim a part,
But thou my all for ever be!
And give me, with thy saints above,
All joy in thee, thou God of love!

HYMN CXVI.

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The Holy Ghost. S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
 Cheer our desponding hearts
 With visitation sweet;
 Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.
 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove;
 And kindle in our breast the flame
 Of never-dying love.
 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesu's blood;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.

M

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H Y M N CXVII.

Shew us the sinner's Friend,
That rules the courts of bliss;
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T' illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

CXVII. *Easter.* 8.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you;
A thousand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,

The Lord of glory dies for men !

But lo ? what sudden joys we see !

Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising God forsakes the tomb !

(The tomb in vain forbids his rise)

Cherubic legions guard him home,

And shout him welcome to the skies ?

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell

How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,

And led the monster death in chains ;

Say, Live for ever, wond'rous King !

" Born to redeem ! and strong to save ! "

Then ask the monster—" *Where's thy sting ?* "

" *And, where's thy victory, boasting grave ?* "

Another. 10. 8.

FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic song began,
It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd man;
By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,
While fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heav'n the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
The deed was done, the Lamb was slain;
The groaning earth the burden bore:
He rose, he lives; he lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless power.
Riches, and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring:
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our king.

H Y M N CXIX.

185

Wisdom and strength are his alone,
 He rais'd the top-stone, shouting Grace;
 Honor has built his lofty throne,
 And glory shines upon his face.
 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
 The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
 Blessings that earth to glory raise;
 The purchase of the wounded Lamb.
 Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
 Creation's voice the note prolong;
 The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:
 Let hallelujahs crown the song. Hallelujah!

CXIX. *Unchangeable Love.* 104.

IF Jesus is ours,
 We have a true Friend,
 Whose goodness endures
 The same to the end:

M 3

Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline ;
We cannot miscarry,
Our aid is divine.

Though God may delay
To shew us his light,
And heaviness may
Endure for a night ;
Yet joy, in the morning,
Shall surely abound,
No shadow for turning
In Jesus is found.

The hills may depart,
And mountains remove,
But faithful thou art
O Fountain of love !

H Y M N CXIX.

183

The Father hath graven
Our names on thy hands;
Our building in heaven
Eternally stands.

A moment he hid
The light of his face;
Yet firmly decreed
To save us by grace:
And though he reprov'd us,
And still may reprove,
For ever he lov'd us,
And ever will love.

Then tune every string
To Jesus's name!
With angels we'll sing
The song of the Lamb;

Thee ev'ry believer
Shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful Giver
Of glory and grace.

CXX. *The same.* 6. 8.

O My distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
Unchangeable his will
Whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same;
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

H Y M N CXXI.

185

Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
 And perfectly perform,
 The work thou hast begun
 In me, a sinful worm :
 'Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
 Thy Spirit will not let me go.
 The bowels of thy grace
 At first did freely move ;
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that God is love !
 My soul into thy arms I cast ;
 I know I shall be sav'd at last.
 CXXI. *Praise to Jesus Christ.* C. M.
 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!

Jefus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

The whole creation join in one,
To blefs the facred name
Of him that fits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CXXII. *Calvary.* S. M.

GO forth in fpirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount!
See there thy Friend between two thieves,
Suff'ring on thy account.

Fall at his cross's feet,
And say, My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds
Which life for me procur'd!

Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ thou now dost think.

Fear not, for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

That heart our Saviour loves
Which does not strive to weave
Pretences fair, to soothe itself,
And his sharp eyes deceive,

CXXIII. *Christ is all in all.* 7.

GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me chuse the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness!

Whom have I on earth below?
Only thee I'd wish to know:
Whom have I in heav'n but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

Nothing else may I require;
Let me thee alone desire:
Pleas'd with what thy love provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

CXXIV. *Holy Reasoning.* 6. 7. 8.

JESUS, Friend of sinners hear
A feeble creature pray:
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay.

Speak, O speak my kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me weep no more.

Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heav'n,
Mercy is above the skies,
And I shall stand forgiv'n:
Mighty is my guilt's increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store!
Love me freely, &c.

From th' oppressive sense of sin
My struggling spirit free:
Blood and righteousness divine
Can rescue even *me*!
Holy Spirit, shed thy grace,
And let me feel the soft'ning show'r:

Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me weep no more.

CXXV. *Pleading the Promise.* 6. 7. 8.

BY me, O my Savior, stand
In ev'ry trying hour;
Guard me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
And hold my by thy power;
Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go.
Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near,
With speedy care depart:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving kindness shew;

192 H Y M N CXXV.

Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go.

Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Savior stray :
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way,
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below :
Keep me, keep me, &c.

Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above :
Thou hast past thy gracious word,
That thou wilt bring me safely through ;
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord,
Nor ever let me go.

H Y M N CXXVI. 193

For a Blessing on Ordinances. L. M.

BELOVED Savior, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain:
In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea; prove thy presence in these means,
To bless a vile and helpless race.
Here manifest thyself in peace,
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
O breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send thy cheering blessing down. N

194 H Y M N CXXVII.

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

CXXVII. *Before Prayer.* S. M.

DEAR Lord, attend our pray'r,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,
That thou in us may'st live.
In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.
Thou read'st the naked breast;
For liberty we groan;
We sigh in thee, our Lord, to rest,
And worship thee alone.

If trials vex our mind,
Close to thy wounds we'll flee ;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in thee.

To thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed ;
On thee for future grace depend ;
Our help in ev'ry need.

CXXVIII. *Redeeming Love.* L. M.

HARK ! in the wilderness a cry !
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth ;
The King appears, behold him nigh !
The God by nature, man by birth !
Run to and fro, ye heralds. run,
Proclaim aloud, Prepare the way !
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay ?

Make strait the path before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove ;
Drop down ye hills your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before *redeeming Love*.

Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honors spring to view ;
Swift the *creating Fiat* flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child ?
Know'st thou the import of the cry ?
Thy heart's the desert waste and wild ;
But lo ! the kind *Reclaimer's* nigh.

Mountains of unbelief and sin
Before him crumble into dust ;
Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

H Y M N CXXIX. 197

By him exalted, know thy state,
 A garden rich in fruit and flower ;
 Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
 The wonder of *redeeming Power*.

CXXIX. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7.

HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
 Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues ;
 Laud we now thy name, O Jesus,
 Heav'n shall echo with our songs !

Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end ;
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing ;
 Ev'ry providence a friend.

Blessed Lord, be thou our teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, and guide ;
 Spak the promise through the preacher,
 And the hearing ear provide.

N 3

198

H Y M N CXXX.

Vain is learning, parts, or merit,
Vain the native pow'rs of man;
Jesus! send thy Holy Spirit,
So display the gospel plan.

CXXX. *Easter.* 8. 7. 8.

U P R I S I N G from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come!
Th' almighty Pris'ner quits the pris'n;
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell the
Lord is ris'n.

Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings. hear and live;
God's righteous law is satisfied;
And justice now is on our side.
Justice, justice, &c.

H Y M N CXXXI. 199

Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood:
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.

Mercy, mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your rising Head,
The *First-begotten* from the dead,
Your resurrection's sure through *his*,
To endless life and boundless bliss.

Endless, endless, &c.

CXXXI. *Another.* 8. 8. 6.

SEE Jesus, our *Deliv'rer* great,
Rising his vict'ry to complete;
In vain's the seal and stone!

O grave, where is thy victory?

Here, here, thy mighty *Conqu'ror* see,
Rising, he leaves the tomb.

200 H Y M N CXXXI.

Awhile he with his fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the starry sky :
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
And welcome their triumphant King,
And shout his victory.

Mindful of all thy favors, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face :
Give all assembled in this hour
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sing redeeming grace.

Clearly to ev'ry heart display
The virtue of thy cross ; this day
Each drooping heart inflame :
Refresh'd, we'll then unwearied go

H Y M N CXXXII. 201

Along this wilderness below,
And spread thy glorious fame.

Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend;
When shall we see thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity to spend.

CXXXII. *A Sinner's Prayer.* 6. 7. 8.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

202 H Y M N CXXXII.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor ;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

Without money without price,
I come thy love to buy ;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I :
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

H Y M N CXXXIII. 203

Resting under the Cross. C. M.

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade
The cross does us afford !

It was for weary sinners made :

We thank thee for it, Lord.

Gethsemane can witness still,

How meekly there he cried ;

So can the brow of Calv'ry's hill,

Where our great Master died.

We sing thy righteousness and blood,

And agonizing pain :

We sing thy griefs, thou dying God,

Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd ;

To thee we bow the knee :

Hail, very God ! the promis'd child !

The Prophets sang of thee.

204 H Y M N CXXXIV.

We are thy living witnesses,
 And testify that thou
 Art all our righteousness and peace,
 For we have prov'd thee so.

While others sing the unknown God,
 We each will sing of thee ;
 Jesus hath wash'd me in his blood,
 And lov'd, and died for me.

CXXXIV. *Public Humiliation.* C. M.

WE all the sinner's path have trod ;
 Like sheep we all have stray'd :
 In sack-cloth let us seek to God,
 With dust upon our head.

Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
 And let us tell our sin :
 Who knows, while we our folly own,
 But Christ may make us clean ?

H Y M N CXXXV. 205

Behold, O Lamb of God, a race
Of wretched sinners come,
Naked and vile ; O let thy grace
Afford thy children room.

Think on thy gracious covenant ;
And then, though we have sinn'd,
Kindly forgive us ;—this we want,
O Lord, our only Friend.

CXXXV. *Invitation.* C. M.

SINNERS, attend ; attend, I pray,
And hear the gospel word ;
Regard your visitation day,
And entertain your Lord,
He calls unto the sons of men,
His offer'd grace to prove,
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.

206 H Y M N CXXXVI.

Give me thy heart, the Savior cries,
Justly he doth it claim;

Oh! do not then his call despise,
But give it to the Lamb,

His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies;

Pardon and present peace to give,
And love that never dies.

Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou Friend of sinners. come;
Descend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great salvation down.

CXXXVI. *For a Blessing on the Gospel.* 7.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine;
Lord, behold thy servant stands;
Lo! to thee he lifts his hands;

H Y M N CXXXVI. 207

Satisfy his soul's desire ;
Touch his lip with holy fire.

Softly fall the healing sound,
Like the dew-drop on the ground ;
Drooping plants shall soon revive,
Faith in bud begin to live ;
And, enlarg'd shall soon disclose
Beauties of the full-blown rose.

In thy pure and holy way,
Heights and greater heights display ;
So that whilst our race we run,
We may think it but begun ;
Nor the past contemplate more,
Urgent still on what's before.

Ope thy treasures ! so shall fall
Unction sweet on him, on all ;

208 H Y M N CXXXVII.

Till by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found;
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy, depart.

CXXXVII. *Christ our sacrifice.* S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine:
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. 209

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree ;
And hopes her guilt was there.
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CXXXVIII. *The hidden Life.* C. M.

TO tell the Savior all my wants,
How pleasing is the task !
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.
My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy ;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

210 H Y M N CXXXVIII.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
Such secrets to declare ;
Like precious wines their taste they lose,
Expos'd to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear ;
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Nor life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was ;
And blame the song that thus commends
The man who bore the cross ?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints ;
Such honour may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

H Y M N CXXXIX. 211

Before Sermon. 6.

HOLY Comforter, descend !
Unfold the things of God ;
Bid our fears and sorrows end,
Through faith in Jesu's blood :
Thine it is, the blood t' apply ;
Thine, to make us feel and see ;
He who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for *me*.

God of God, and Light of Light,
Jesus in us reveal ;
Justify us in his right,
And stamp us with thy seal :
Fill our souls with joy and peace ;
Wisdom, grace, and utt'rance give :
Make us through his righteousness,
To life eternal live.

CXL. *The shining Light.* S. M.

MY former hopes are dead,
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But sure, a friendly whisper says,
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
I see, or think I see,
A glimm’ring from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

Fore-runner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way,
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

CXLI. *Offices of Christ.* 6. 8.

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Lo! the great angel stands!
He holds the promises
And pardons in his hands.
Commision'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern, and our guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side!
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way. O 3

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring souls among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosoms bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Believing souls now free are set,
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.

Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conquest and a crown :

H Y M N CXLII. 215

March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

CXLII. *Free Grace.* C. M.

FREE-grace to ev'ry heav'n-born soul
Will be their constant theme ;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.

Free-grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes ;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.

Free-grace can death itself out-brave,
And take its sting away :
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

216 H Y M N CXLIII.

Our Savior by free-grace alone
 His building shall complete ;
 With shouting bring forth the head-stone,
 Crying, Grace, grace to it.
 May I be found a living stone
 In Salem's streets above,
 And help to sing before the throne
 Free-grace and dying love.

CXLIII. *Exhortation to praise the Lord.*

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.

H Y M N CXLIV. 217

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace !

CXLIV. *After Sermon.* St. M.

O Jesus, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word !

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The Ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy—Salvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.

The people who know
The Savior below,
With burning affection to worship him glow,

[Their anguish and smart
And sorrows depart,
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on the heart.]

H Y M N CXLV. 219

The people are blest
Who lean on his breast,
And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.

This blessing be mine
Through favour divine :
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine !

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise !
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

CXLV. *Retirement.* C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

220 H Y M N CLXV.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine ;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Savior, thou art mine !

H Y M N CLXVI. 221

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store ;
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

CXLVI. *A Spur to Professors.* 8. 7.

LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger ;
See what hosts your camp surround ;
Arm to battle ; lag no longer,
Hark ! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers ; wake, what mean you ?
Sin besets you round about ;
Up, and search—the world's within you :
Slay, or chase the traitor out.
What enchants you, self or pleasure ?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part ;
Ask your conscience where's your treasure !
For be certain there's your heart.

Give the fawning foe no credit :
 Lo ! the bloody flag's unfurl'd ;
 That base heart (the word has said it)
 Loves not God that loves the world.

God and Mammon ? oh ! be wiser,
 Serve them both ? it cannot be ;
 Ease in warfare, faint and miser,
 These will never well agree.
 Shun the shame of foully falling ;
 Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay,
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling ;
 Wield the sword and win the day.

CXLVII. *For divine Assistance,* 11.

COMPASSIONATE Bridegroom, my Shep-
 herd, and Friend,
 Thy child from the fury of Satan defend ;

H Y M N CXLVII. 223

Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And further within me the work thou'st begun :
And then let the world me reject or despise,
Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever suffice.

Still go thou before me, and guide me aright ;
Thy peace be my comfort, thyself my delight :
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim,
And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.

This, this be my portion, thy beauty my song,
Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue.
Direct by thy Spirit my actions, and ways,
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

224 H Y M N CXLVIII.

Seeking the Beloved. C. M.

TO those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my Beloved near?
The Bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh when will he appear!
Though once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.
Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes;
Though none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.
Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh may he shine on you!
And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

H Y M N CXLIX. 225

The world a Wilderness. C. M.

LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

But prickling thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet!
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

[A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam ;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

[Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

[By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road ;
Through dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.]

Our journey is a thorny maze ;
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

[See the kind angels at the gates,

Inviting us to come!

There Jesus, the fore-runner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home?]

There on a green and flow'ry mount,

Our weary souls shall sit;

And, with transporting joys, recount

The labours of our feet.

[No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,

Nor trifles vex our ear;

Infinite grace shall be our song,

And God rejoice to hear.]

Eternal glories to the King

That brought us safely through;

Our tongues shall never cease to sing,

And endless praise renew.

Ascension. L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
*Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!*
Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in!
Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the *Conq'ror's* name.

H Y M N CLI. 229

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
*Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!*

Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord, of glorious pow'r possesst;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all for ever blest!

CLI. *Looking upwards in a Storm.* L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 Control the waves say, Peace! be still! P 3

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee!
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
 Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
 My Savior through the floods I seek;
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

CLII. *The Mourner's Plea.* L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall:
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

HYMN CLIII. 231

Friend of the friendless, and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That, None shall seek thy face in vain ?

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

CLIII. *Praise to Jesus Christ.* C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh! amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

Down from the shining courts above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak!

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Good Friday. 7.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne ;
Weeping soul no longer mourn :
View him bleeding on the tree :
Pouring out his life for thee ;
There thy ev'ry sin he bore :
Weeping souls, lament no more.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice :
There th' incarnate Deity,
Number'd with transgressors, see ;
There his Father's absence mourns ;
Nail'd and bruise'd, and crown'd with thorns.

See thy God his head hang down ;
Hear the Man of sorrows groan ;

For thy ransom there condemn'd ;
Strip'd, derided, and blasphem'd :
Bleeds the guiltless for th' unclean ;
Made on off'ring for thy sin.

Cast thy guilty soul on him ;
Find him mighty to redeem ;
At his feet thy burden lay ;
Look thy doubts and care away :
Now by faith, the Son embrace ;
Plead his promise ; trust his grace.

Lord, thy arm must be reveal'd,
E'er I can by faith be heal'd :
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me !
At thy feet myself I lay ;
Shine, oh shine my fears away !

Psalm 150.—7:6.

PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness shew :
 Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r :
 Him from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.

Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Immanuel's name :
 Let the trumpet's martial sound,
 Him Lord of hosts proclaim :
 Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heav'nly art ;
 All the pow'rs of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

Him in whom they move and live
 Let ev'ry creature sing :
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King.
 Hallow'd be his name beneath ;
 As in heav'n on earth ador'd ;
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord !

CLVI. *The Name of Jesus, precious.* 6. 8.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Savior of mankind !
 T' adore the great atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus! transporting sound!

The joy of earth and heav'n:
No other help is found,

No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus! harmonious name!

It charms the hosts above
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,

And is from guilt set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;

New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy,

CLVII. *The Reign of Grace.* C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain, our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

HYMN CLVIII. 239

When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

CLVIII. *Submission.* C. M.

O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

CLIX. *To the Trinity.* 6. 4.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father, all glorious,

H Y M N CLIX.

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O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call,

Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'rs attend.

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend.

Q

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CLX. *Christmas.* 7.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!

Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd a man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;

Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

CLXI. *Another.* 8. 6. 8.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn ;
Each heav'nly power
Proclaims the glad hour ;
Lo, Jesus the Savior is born !
All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due ;
The promise is seal'd,
The Savior's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

H Y M N CLXI.

245

Let joy around like rivers flow,
 Flow on and still increase;
 Spread o'er the glad earth
 At Jesus's birth,
 For heav'n and earth are at peace.

Now the good will of heav'n is shewn
 Tow'rds Adam's helpless race;
 Messiah is come
 To ransom his own,
 To save them by infinite grace.

Then let us join the heav'ns above,
 Where hymning seraphs sing;
 Join all the glad pow'rs,
 For their Lord is ours,
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

Praise for the Fountain opened. C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And finners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see,
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

H Y M N CXLIII. 247

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

CLXIII. *Rejoicing in Hope.* 8. 8. 6.

I Shall not always make my moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But I shall live to prove

Thy people's rest, thy saint's delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth and height
Of thy redeeming love.

Oh, that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in;
Sprinkle thy blood, forgive my sin,
My unbelief remove;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, Oh! with all the sanctified.
Give me a lot of love,

H Y M N CLXIV. 249

For Grace. 8. 7.

O Thou tender, loving Jesus,
Now thy saving grace impart ;
From the world and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil heart.
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jesu, come ;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the Corner Stone.

Here forever let us centre,
Steady, tho' assail'd by sin ;
Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal life we win :
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud ;
Our poor hearts, O Jesu, sprinkle
With thy precious, precious blood.

250 H Y M N CLXIV.

When our cheering feelings sicken,
 And a veil our soul o'erspreads,
 Then with grace our spirits quicken,
 To raise up our drooping heads :
 Should our foolish hearts e'er wander
 From the source of real joy ;
 Call us back, but not in anger,
 Lest thy frowns should us destroy.

Arm us for thy heav'nly storehouse,
 Still display thy banner high :
 March victorious on before us,
 Make the world and Satan fly :
 When the angel drawing near us
 Seals in peace the pilgrim's eyes,
 In that trying moment bear us
 Safe into thy paradise.

H Y M N CLXV. 251

Under Temptation. 7.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and Holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Prayer. 7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin?
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

CLXVII. *Safety in Christ.* 6. 8.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Savior forth.
What kind endearing words,
What condescending ways,

H Y M N CLXVII. 255

Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace !
My soul with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name !
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
Thou guilty sinner, seek
No sacrifice beside ;
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

My dear Almighty Lord!

My Conqu'ror and my King!

Thy matchless pow'r and love,

Thy saving grace we sing:

Thine is the pow'r; Oh may we fit

In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

CLXVIII. *The Efficacy of Christ's Blood.* C. M.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks

A heart as hard as stone,

Or warms a heart as cold as ice?

'Tis Jesu's blood alone.

One drop of this can truly cheer

And heal the wounded soul;

What multitude of broken hearts

This living stream makes whole!

Hear, O my soul! what sing the choirs

Around the glorious throne?

H Y M N CLXIX. 257

Hark ! the slain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone !
The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.
And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Cheerful in our degree ;
That through the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Each soul may happy be.
But thou, O Lord, make ev'ry day
Thy grace to us more sweet ;
Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet.

CLXIX. *The same.* 7.

JESU, Jesu, King of Saints,
Known to thee are all my wants;

R

Self-convicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim ;
With an eye of love look down ;
Help me, Lord, and help me soon.

Break, Oh break this heart of stone ;
Form it for thy use alone :
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed ;
All my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak ;
Comforts me when I am sick ;

Gives me courage when I faint;
Well supplies my ev'ry want.
Savior, to my heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

CLXX. *Prccious Christ.* 6. 8.

JESUS is all my hope,
His death is all my boast;
But for his sov'reign grace
I should be ever lost;
Redeeming blood, and dying love,
Here be my theme and when above.

All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
Admire and adore
My Savior, God, and King;

Each stripe, each bruise, each bleeding wound,
Speaks love and peace to all around.

O happy, sweeter name
Than e'er the world did know,
More of thy smiling grace
Freely on me bestow ;
And let me taste that ardent love
That saints and martyrs taste above.

So all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away,
And every mournful night
Be turn'd to joyful day ;
And all the world shall plainly see
Thou art a faithful friend to me.

H Y M N CLXXI.

261

For spiritual Mindedness. 6. 8.

LORD, let my spirit dwell
(Whilst I reside below)

Above this wretched world

Of misery and woe ;

So that its grief may ne'er dismay,

No charms delude my heart away.

I take my happy rest

In thee, my God, alone,

And all my misery

I spread before thy throne ;

I groan, and sigh, and long to see

My happy morn of liberty.

O mercy ! mercy ! Lord,

Whilst yet the light is near ;

My weary soul, involv'd

In deep confusion, cheer ;

R 3

262 H Y M N CLXXI.

And raise me up, I long to be
Within a blessed view of thee.

My Lord, thyself alone
Can take me by the hand,
And lead me safely on
Into the promis'd land :
Thy power can subdue my foes,
Allay and sweeten all my woes.

✓
Conduct me safely home,
My Savior, and my God ;
Mercy is all I crave,
The merits of thy blood ;
Redemption full I only see,
Out of myself alone in thee.

H Y M N CLXXII.

263

Come, Lord Jesus. 8. 7.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee !
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art :
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring !
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne !

R 4

264 H Y M N CLXXIII.

What shall I render to the Lord? C. M.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

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H Y M N CXXLIV. 265

I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

CLXXIV. *For Christmas-day.* 11.

O Jesus my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy Spirit and grace,
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him whom the nations abhor'd.

O wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger the Ancient of Days;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born!

My God, my Creator, the heavens did bow
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;
The body prepar'd by his Father assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

266 H Y M N CLXXV.

For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head,
 For thousands of sinners he groan'd and he bled :
 My spirit rejoices, the work it is done ;
 My soul is redeemed, salvation is won.
 My God is returned to glory on high ;
 When death makes a passage then to him I'll fly ;
 And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
 Expecting in glory we all shall be join'd.

CLXXV. *Longing for Christ.* L. M.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God !
 Come wash us in thy cleansing blood !
 Give us to know thy love, then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee :
 Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

H Y M N CLXXVI. 267

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne!
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both heav'n and earth must bow:
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

CLXXVI. *The Nativity.* C. M.

HARK! the glad sound! Messiah comes,
The Savior promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

268 H Y M N CLXXVII.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brags before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with his righteousness and blood
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arch shall ring
With thy beloved name.

CLXXVII. *Witnessing of Christ.* S. M.

THE God, whose smiles we court,
From whom we favour claim ;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame ;

H Y M N CLXXVII. 269

Is none but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord ;
Whose grace and spirit still remain
To bless us in his word.

His promise is the same,
His church below to bless,
When they assemble in his name
To supplicate his grace ;
A train of sinners poor
He will not cast behind ;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above ;
Answers our pray'rs in sweet replies,
And tokens of his love.

270 H Y M N CLXXVIII.

Shall we not witness bear
How faithful he hath been ;
And boldly to the world declare
Salvation we have seen ?

Yes, if thou'lt help us Lord,
Thy name we will confess ;
And speak of Christ the living word,
The Lord our righteousness :
We'll mention to his praise
The triumphs of his death ;
And sing his everlasting grace
Ev'n with our latest breath.

CLXXVIII. *Psalm 90.* C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;

H Y M N CXXLVIII. 271

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And, when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

But " I am with you," saith the Lord ;
" My saints shall safe abide ;
" Nor will I e'er forsake my own,
" For whom the Savior dy'd."

Through ev'ry scene of life and death
Thy promise is our trust :
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust :

272 H Y M N CLXXIX.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard, while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

CLXXIX. *The Pilgrim.* 6. 8.

JESU, at thy command
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
What tho' the seas are broad,
What tho' the waves are strong,
What tho' tempestuous winds
Distress me all along ;
Yet what are seas, or stormy wind
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's Friend ?

Christ is my pilot wife,
 My compass is his word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord.
 I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
 To save me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie ;
 Yet Christ shall safely keep
 And guide me with his eye.
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up.

By faith I see the land,
 The hav'n of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy wings expand,
 And fly to Jesu's breast !

274 HYMN CLXXX.

Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside;

Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side.

For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come heav'nly Wind, and blow

A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below

To heav'n my destin'd place.

Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CLXXX. *The Throne of Grace.*

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;

HYMN CLXXX.

275

There Jesus shews a smiling face,
 And waits to answer pray'r.
 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for those who come to God,
 An all-prevailing plea.
 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou can'st not be too bold;
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
 What else can he withhold?
 Thy image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine;

276 H Y M N CLXXXI.

Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

CLXXXI. *Assurance.* L. M.

A Debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of *law* and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.

H Y M N CLXXXII. 277

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Nor sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

CLXXXII. *Christ's Care for his People.*

O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save;

278 H Y M N CLXXXII.

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries;
My promise, my truth, are they light in thy eyes?
Still, still I am with thee; my promise shall stand!
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name,
Engrav'd on my heart, doth for ever remain:
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.

HYMN CLXXXIII. 289

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones:
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine;
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care;
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring;
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.

CLXXXIII. *The Day of Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

280 H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloath'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine?
Gracious Savior, own me in that day for thine!

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his look prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee!

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,

H Y M N CLXXXIV. 281

In that awful day will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.
But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

CLXXXIV. *Reconciliation.* C. M.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

282 H Y M N CLXXXV.

Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind,

But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins:
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

While some on their own works rely,
 And some of wisdom boast,
 I love th' Incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

CLXXXV. *Ebenezer.* 8. 7.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

H Y M N CLXXXV. 283

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—Oh fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be,
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

284 HYMN CLXXXVI.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Oh take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

CLXXXVI. *Christ crucified.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
 See from his head, his hands and feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

H Y M N CLXXXVII. 285

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

CLXXXVII. *Christ's Humiliation.* C. M.

WHAT object's this that meets my eyes
From out Jerusalem's gate ;
Which fills my mind with such surprize,
As wonders to create ?

Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood ;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's bath'd in blood ?

Is this the Man, can this be he,
The Prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold ?

286 H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he,
E'en Jesus, God's dear Son;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes that I had done.

Oh! blessed sight, Oh! lovely form,
To sinful souls like me!
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see him die for me,

I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,
Until with happy John,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

CLXXXVIII. *God Omniscient.* C. M.

O Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd
This thought is my repose,
That he my mortal frame who rear'd
Its various weakness knows.

H Y M N CLXXXIX. 287

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load:
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

Supported by thy changeless love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where ev'ry sorrow shall remove,
And ev'ry sin shall cease.

The more my frailty here is tried,
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorified,
Which shall the vict'ry give.

CLXXXIX *Christ our Kinsman.* 8.

JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our Kinsman, near ally'd in blood;
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God:

288 H Y M N CLXXXIX.

And lo! we lay us at thy feet,
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

Partaker of my flesh below,
To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
Thou never can'st thyself deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's pray'r!

Thee, Savior, in my greatest need,
I trust my greatest Friend to prove:
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love.
Under thy wing's protection take,
And save me for thy mercies sake.

Hast thou not undertook my cause,
Lord over all, to worms ally'd?

Answer me from that bleeding cross,
 Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride :
 And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
 Thine, wholly thine, for ever be.

CXC. *Faith's Review and Expectation.* C. M.

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
 That sav'd a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found ;
 Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears reliev'd ;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believ'd.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come ;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;
 I shall possess, ~~within~~ the vail,
 A life of joy and peace.

CXCI. *The good Shepherd.* 8.

THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
 The joy of the contrite in heart:
 For closer communion they pine,
 Still, still to reside where thou art.
 The pasture, oh! when shall we find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day?
 Ah! shew us that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God.

H Y M N CXCII. 291

Thy love for lost sinners declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 Our spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :

'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

CXCII. *The Pool of Bethesda*, S. M.

BESIDE the gospel pool
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year, my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

Oh would the Lord appear
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus here a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

No—he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

CXCIII. *Looking unto Christ.* 8. 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye ;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven :
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

H Y M N CXCIV. 295

May I still enjoy this feeling
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

CXCIV. *The name of Jesus.* C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear :

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace !

Jefus! My Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I fee thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the mufic of thy name
Refresh my foul in death!

CXC.V. *Morning.* S. M.

TO thee I wholly give
Myself this day anew,
As thy own ransom, dearly bought,
Thy fpoil and purchafe due;

That with me thou may'st do
What's pleasing in thy sight;
And from me take whate'er thou wilt,
Whate'er thou see'st not right.

How very weak I am
My Savior well can see;
Ah! how exceeding short I fall
Of what I ought to be!
Compassionate High-Priest,
To thee I must appeal;
My numberless infirmities
Oh kindly haste to heal!

It is his daily care
His helpless sheep to feed;
To purify their spotted souls,
And tend and gently lead:

This makes me firmly trust
Thou'lt lead me farther still ;
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Sion's hill.

Thou hast me, sinner poor,
Snatch'd to thy heart in haste ;
With tend'rest mercy fetch'd me home,
And grav'd me on thy breast.
My business then is this,
O may I it fulfil !

Thee to exalt with all my strength,
And eye thee only still.

CXCVI. *Morning or Evening.* C. M.

JESUS, the Savior of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight ;
Ever to me the same remain,
My joy by day and night.

Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour ;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thine almighty pow'r.

Oh may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am !
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The love of my Incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

The myst'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me ;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

300 H Y M N CXC VII.

Alarm. 6.

STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go ;

Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?

All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood crimson dye ;

Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?

Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?

Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?

Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,

And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame ?

H Y M N CXCVII. 301

Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass :
Sinners then in vain will call;
(Tho' they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know ;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow ;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, There still is room.

At Parting. C. M.

THRO' Christ when we together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesu, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one :
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.
Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While on the wings of faith and pray'r,
We Abba ! Father ! cry.
O may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travails still
Direct, and be our constant guard,
To Zion's holy hill !

H Y M N CXCIX. 303

Oh what a joyful meeting there,
 Beyond these changing shades !
 White are the robes we all shall wear,
 And crowns upon our heads.
 Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day,
 When we shall dwell at home :
 Come, O Redeemer, come away ;
 O Jesus, quickly come !

CXCIX. *Affliction.* 8.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine :
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load :
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

304 H Y M N CXCXI.

Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I :
Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy voice ;
Thy presence is fair to behold :
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
" The Lord hath forsaken thee quite ;
" Thy God will be gracious no more.

Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue, thou art,
Thy grace is my only resource;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

CC. *The Christian's Journey.*

STRANGERS, and sojourners below,
We travel through this wilderness,
Seeking the promis'd rest to know,
In Christ the fountain of true bliss:
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.

In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace :
So shall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.

No earthly bliss is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath ;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid joy in death :
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.

His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin :
Peace, love, and joy hence richly flow
And cause sweet melody within.

Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a suff'ring hour.

The New Jerusalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine:
With them we shall his glory see,
And praise him thro' eternity.

CCI. *Weak Believers encouraged.* S. M.

YOUR harps ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the furies rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of his choice
He will not cast away ;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's Mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his controul:
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

CCII. *Part Second.*

NO wonder when God's love
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish for ever to retain
The heart-transporting guest.
Yet learn, in ev'ry state,
To make his will your own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

By anxious care depress'd,
When from the deep we mourn,
"Lord, why so hasty to depart,
So tedious in return."

Still on his plighted love
At all events rely ;
The very hidings of his face
Shall train thee up to joy.

Wait till the shadows flee ;
Wait thy appointed hour ;
Wait, till the bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with pow'r.

The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But that it flow'd for thee.

Tarry his leisure then,
Although he seem to stay ;
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee ;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

CCIII. *Rest in Heaven.* C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

Celestial Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in :

Now, Savior, now the pow'r bestow,
And wash me from my sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

Come, O my Savior, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author, and my end.

CCIV. *Enquiring the Way to Heaven.* 8.

TELL me, ye souls, who now appear
In milky robes, and joyful stand
Around the throne, from danger far,
In triumph at the Lord's right hand;
How did you in those courts arrive?
For in those courts I fain would live.

And thou fair Hebrew captive, well
Esteem'd in Babel's stately court,
Greatly beloved Daniel, tell,
How didst thou gain the heav'nly port?
And let thy fellows, princely wise,
Relate their way to paradise.

Chief minister to Gentiles sent,
Once persecutor of the faith
Of Christ, whose days so much were spent
In doing good, describe the path
Which led thee to the shining prize,
That I may trace thee to the skies.

Could I, amidst th' angelic choir,
Like favor'd John to heav'n soar,
Of ev'ry saint would I enquire,
How they attain'd the happy shore :

“ They all,” (to John the word was given)
 “ Through tribulation came to heaven.”

CCV. *The Happiness of Heaven.* 11.

BLEST spirits above, whose garments appear
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb clean
 and fair;

You now in full triumph his conquests can sing,
 Whilst I, a poor pilgrim, my mite will cast in.

Like him you do shine, and him face to face see,
 I envy you not when by faith he meets me;
 His smiles you enjoy, now unclad from my clay,
 He loves and he pities my sorrows each day.

You hail him in light, at his feet your crowns fall,
 At his feet, as a sinner, I there find my all;

H Y M N CCVI. 315

He now makes my heav'n while earth me surrounds
Like a hart o'er these mountains he skips and he
bounds.

My griefs and my sorrows his tender heart bears,
In fellowship sweet I cast on him my cares ;
On his bosom my head shall incline night and day,
With him I will suffer while here I do stay.

He soon shall exchange this vile body of mine,
With yours become fashion'd in glory divine ;
From earth into heav'n his praises I'll bear,
His death and his merits our joys shall declare.

CCVI. *Grow in Grace.* 10.

SINNERS Redeemer, whom we inly love ;
Father of thine below, and thine above ;
Brother of worms, who earthly vessels bear,
Savior of happy souls, who simple are—

Oh let us day by day with rapture feel
 What grace, what love is, what thy Spirit's seal;
 What fervent zeal that prudently aspires,
 What heav'nly drawings, what seraphic fires.

A manly spirit too, dear Lord impart;
 A face anointed and a glowing heart;
 Let all our pow'rs speak forth an holy shame,
 And inward life and cheerfulness proclaim.

CCVII. *Jesus our High Priest.* C. M.

JESUS, our High Priest and our Head,
 Who bears our flesh and blood,
 And always interced'st for us
 Before the throne of God;

We know thou never canst forget
 Thy poor weak members here;

But when we suffer in the least,
A part with us thou'lt bear.

Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel:
When by temptations we are press'd,
Thou know'st well what we ail.

Thou hast a tender sympathy
With ev'ry smart and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth,
Thou didst the same sustain.

And though thou art exalted now,
Yet to us thou art near;
Thou know'st our weakness and our wants,
And list'nest to our pray'r;
Thou art to us so very nigh,
That with us thou art one,

In spirit, soul, and heart, and flesh,
Yea, bone of our own bone.

What shall we say for this thy love,
But 'fore thee prostrate lie;
And thank thee that thou wast a man
To all eternity.

CCVIII. *Stability of the Covenant.* L. M.

REJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd;
No turns of Providence abate
God's care for those he once hath lov'd.

Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant stands;
Tho' earth should shake, and skies depart,
You're safe in your Redeemer's hands,
Who bears your names upon his heart.

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Our surety knows for whom he stood,

And gave himself a sacrifice :

The souls *once* sprinkled with his blood,

Possess a life that *never* dies.

Tho' darkness spread around our tent,

Tho' fear prevail, and joy decline,

God will not of his oath repent ;

Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

CCIX. *Christmas.* L. M.

JESUS, all praise is due to thee,

That thou wast pleas'd a man to be !

A virgin's womb thou did'st not scorn,

And angels shout to see thee born. Hallelujah !

The blessed Father's only Son

Chuseth a manger for his throne ;

And, tho' the high and mighty God,

Assumes our feeble flesh and blood. Hallelujah !

320 H Y M N CCIX.

Whom earth could not contain, nor skies,
In low estate the Savior lies ;
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little infant made. Hallelujah !

The Father's brightness comes in sight,
Gives to the world its saving light ;
And drives the clouds of sin away,
To make us children of the day. Hallelujah !

The Son, the Almighty God confess'd,
In his own world became a guest ;
And open'd through himself the way,
A passage to eternal day. Hallelujah !

And therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endless bliss,
With all those chosen saints of his. Hallelujah !

H Y M N CCX. 321

For us these wonders he hath wrought,
To shew his love surpassing thought!
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our loving God and King. Hallelujah!

CCX. *Another.* 8.

YE simple men of heart sincere,
Shepherds who watch your flocks by night,
Start not to see an angel near,
Nor tremble at this glorious light.

An herald from the heav'nly King
I come, your ev'ry fear to chase!
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy unto the fallen race!

For you is born on this glad day
A Savior by our host ador'd;

X

Our God in Bethlehem survey,
Make haste to worship Christ the Lord.

By this the Savior of mankind,
Th' incarnate God shall be display'd:
In swathes the Infant ye shall find,
And humbly in a manger laid.

CCXI. *Christ the good Shepherd.* C. M.

THOU, Savior, my good Shepherd art,
Thy voice, dear Lord, I know;
When justice arm'd the sword at me,
Thy heart receiv'd the blow.

My heart was broke with shame and grief;
Thy pity felt my pain,
Bound up my wounds, my strength renew'd,
And gave me health again.

Thou me dost lead and gently tend,
And feed in pastures good,
And bring me to the living stream
Of thy most precious blood.

Thy blood ! Oh pleasing sound to me,
And all thy helpless sheep !
There lies my sure defence by day,
My shelter when I sleep.

CCXII. *Christ the only Refuge.* 8.

TO whom should I fly for relief ?
To him that hath lov'd me so well
And who when I sink into grief,
Doth all my infirmities feel.
O Lover of sinners, on thee
My burden of trouble I cast ;
Whose care and compassion for me
For ever and ever shall last.

324 H Y M N CCXIII.

Thine anger for what I have done,
 O Father, I mournfully bear ;
 But look to thine innocent Son,
 Who ever intreats thee to spare.
 Be mindful of Jesus and me ;
 He suffer'd, my pardon to buy ;
 And what he procur'd on the tree,
 Demands for his people on high.

CCXIII. *The Christian's Race.* L. M.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone,
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.

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H Y M N CCXIV. 325

The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply !
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

CCXIV. *Christ's Crucifixion.* L. M.

THE cross ! the cross ! oh that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain :
'Twas there my Lord was crucified ;
'Twas there my Savior for me died.

What wond'rous cause could move thy heart
To take on thee my curse and smart ;
Well knowing that my soul would be
So cold, so negligent of thee ?

The cause was love—I sink with shame
Before my sacred Jesu's name,
That thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be,
Because—because thou lovedst me !

CCXV. *Everlasting Love.* 8.

NOW I have found the blessed ground
Where my soul's anchor may remain ;
The Lamb of God, who for my sin
Was from the world's foundation slain :
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

O love, thou bottomless abyfs!

My fins are swallow'd up in thee :
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,

From condemnation now I'm free ;
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy ! cries.

With faith I plunge me in this sea ;

Here is my hope, my joy, my rest !
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,

And look unto my Savior's breast :
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there !

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,

Tho' strength and health and friends be gone ;
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn ;

Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love !

CCXVI. *Dismission.* 8. 7. 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

H Y M N CCXVII. 329

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!

May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

CCXVII. *Looking to Jesus crucified.* L. M.

LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,
And view the bleeding sacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

330 H Y M N CCXVIII.

Beneath his people's crimes he stood;
Sign'd their acquittances in blood;
Herein God's justice is pleas'd;
Sinners, look up and be releas'd.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.

Oh quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms:
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

CCXVIII. *Invitation to Christ.* L. M.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh
('Tis God invites the fallen race)

Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

CCXIX. *Looking to Jesus.* 104.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his throne !
His labors are o'er,
His battles are won :

A kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's hand ;
His children in heav'n
For ever shall stand.

Then, sinners below,
Oh trust in the Lord :
Look up to his arm,
His honor, his word :
Athirst for his favor,
His Godhead adore ;
Look up to your Savior,
And joy evermore.

CCXX. *Public Worship.* 7.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford:
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those that weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

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H Y M N CCXXI.

Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CCXXI. *The Sinner's only Hope.* 7. 7. 6.

WHOM have I in heav'n but thee
That can thy creature bless ?
What were all the earth to me,
If stranger to thy peace ?
All is vanity but Christ,
Pain, and darkness, and despair,
Rankling in a sinner's breast,
Till thou art present there.

If my Lord his love reveal,
No other bliss I want ;
He my ev'ry wound can heal,
And silence each complaint :

He that suffer'd in my stead
Must the great Physician be :
I cannot be comforted,
Till comforted by thee.

Thee, thou know'st, I wish to love,
For which thy name I bless ;
Pour thy Spirit from above
Upon my waiting fleece !
Gentle as descending dew,
Welcome as reviving show'rs ;
Let him my election shew,
And guild my gloomy hours.

Yet if so thou see-est fit,
'Tis best for me to mourn ;
Still my hold I cannot quit,
Nor from my refuge turn ;

This, thro' grace, my song shall be,
 As I to thy kingdom go ;
 Whom have I in heav'n, but thee,
 And whom but thee below ?

CCXXII. *Unbounded Mercy.* 8.

O Thou whose mercy knows no bound
 (Else hadst thou ne'er redeem'd thy foe)
 Whose love's a fathomless profound,
 Which known, we wish still more to know ;
 That mercy, Lord, that love reveal,
 And let thy Spirit stamp thy seal.

From wav'ring doubts, from chilling fear,
 Save us, thou God of truth and light !
 Thy word is sure, Oh bring it near,
 Nor let us mourn in endless night !
 Let the day dawn, the day-star rise,
 And pour all heav'n upon our eyes.

H Y M N CCXXIII. 337

Far off thy cros we dimly view,
 Nor know our int'rests in thy blood ;
 Whilst thus our hearts thy grace pursue,
 Oh let us feel the present God.
 Come, come like lightning from the east,
 Warm, animate each drooping breast.

Behold, like wax before the fire,
 Our melting hearts dissolve with grief ;
 To thee, O Lord, is our desire ;
 From thee alone we hope relief.
 Thy mercy and thy love reveal,
 And let thy Spirit stamp the seal.

CCXXIII. *Boundless Love.* L. M.

HOW shall I speak my Savior's worth,
 Or tell the love he bears to me ?
 Shall I begin to sing his birth,
 And follow him to Calvary ?

338 H Y M N CCXXIII.

Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace ;
For now his righteousness is near,
And free for all who seek his face.

His tender arms are open still,
Returning sinners to receive ;
Steady his mind, and fix'd his will,
To save whoever shall believe.

Ye pris'ners, to the refuge fly,
His wound's a covert from the storm ;
Why should you languish here and die,
When sav'd you may be from all harm ?

He waits with pardon in his hand,
And longs that you the same might share ;
Come, sinners, at his mild command ;
His name forbids your hearts to fear.

H Y M N CCXXIV. 339

God is Love.

LORD, thine image thou hast lent me
In thy never-fading love ;
When I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above :
Sacred love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! to bliss thou hast ordained
Me, e'er I began to be ;
God of love ! thou'lt not disdain'd
To become a man like me.
Love almighty and divine !
I would be forever thine.

Love ! who hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell ;
Love ! whose suff'rings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell ;

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340 H Y M N CCXXIV.

Sacred love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! my life and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal word
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford :
Love almighty and divine !
I would be forever thine.

To thy blessed yoke thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love ;
While my heart is ever crying,
May I true and faithful prove :
Sacred love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! who wilt for ever love me,
Intercessor for my soul !

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H Y M N CCXXV. 341.

Who sustain'st me, light or heavy,
On the priestly breast and roll;
Love almighty and divine!
I would be forever thine.

Love! who wilt hereafter raise me
From the grave, a bed of dust;
Love! whose final zeal arrays me
With a garment 'mong the just:
Sacred love! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

CCXXV. *Panting after God.* 8.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:

342 H Y M N CCXXV.

My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share,
O take it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of ev'ry motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ, in me may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee !
O love ! thy sov'reign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care,
Chase this self-will through all my heart,

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H Y M N CCXXVI. 343

Through all its latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice,

CCXXVI. *The Triumph of Faith.* 11.

THE God of salvation, Jehovah by name,
 Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same,
 From guilt and from hell me a sinner hath sav'd,
 And death of its sting hath my Jesus bereav'd.

344 H Y M N CCXXVI.

Thy name and thy conquests no longer I fear,
Thy might and pale aspect ev'n lovely appear;
Depriv'd of thy power, with all thy sad train,
My Jesus is King, and for ever must reign.

His blood is my ransom, the captive is his,
Redeem'd from my bondage to enter on bliss:
A son through my birth, by adoption an heir,
The kingdom of glory with Jesus to share.

His Spirit, as witness, as earnest, and seal
Of all these rich blessings, I inwardly feel;
His whispers divine do my freedom proclaim,
And open an union with God and the Lamb.

An union whose bonds are both stedfast and sure,
In which I, thro' grace can live happy and poor;
The Bridegroom's embraces with rapture I know,
And all thro' the blood which from Jesus did flow.

H Y M N CCXXVII. 345

What tho' I'm so helpless, I know he'll supply
My weakness with grace, and I on him rely;
And I shall be happy the Lord to adore,
To praise him now, henceforth, and for evermore.

CCXXVII. *Invitation to Christ,* 8.

SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Sion's Mount I heard the sound:
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature smil'd around.
The voice of peace salutes mine ear!
Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe:
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.

346 H Y M N CCXXVIII.

Behold, the precious balm is found,
 Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.
 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
 Unburthen here the weighty load;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe in the bosom of thy God.
 Thy God's thy Savior, glorious word!
 That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.
 As spring the winter, day the night,
 Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
 Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
 And waits to claim thee for her own.

CCXXVIII. *The Sovereignty of Christ.* 8. 7.

JESUS, whose almighty scepter
 Rules creation all around,

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. 347

nd. In whose bowels love and mercy,
Grace and pity full are found ;
In my spirit rule and conquer,
There set up thy endless throne ;
Win my heart from ev'ry creature,
Thee to love, and thee alone.

In thy strength I'd only conquer,
In thy righteousness confide !
Wise and simple in thy wisdom,
Strong and dauntless by thy side ;
In thy bleeding wounds most happy,
Nought will do for wretched me,
But a Savior full of mercy,
Dying, innocent, and free.

8. 7. Climb, my soul unto the mountain,
Ever blessed Calvary.

348 H Y M N CCXXIX.

See the wounded victim bleeding,
Nail'd to the accursed tree :
Love to miserable finners,
Love unfathom'd, love to death,
Was the only end and motive,
To resign his gracious breath.

CCXXIX. *Thanksgiving.* 104.

YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

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H Y M N CCXXX. 349

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :
 Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
 Then let us adore, and give him his right ;
 All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might ;
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

CCXXX. *Lamentation.* C. M.

AUTHOR of true and saving faith,
 That grace to me impart ;
 Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
 A new believing heart.

Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
 My reas'ning's voice controul ;
 Approve thyself the sinner's Friend,
 And bless my helpless soul.

350 H Y M N CCXXIX.

Long have I fought thy peace to find,
But all my search was vain ;
For unbelief still vail'd my mind,
'And dwelling, gnaw'd within.

At times thy word's attractive beams
Hath drawn my soul above ;
Diffusing through my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.

Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh ;
But ah ! the blessing did not last,
The visitant pass'd by.

And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love ?
Shall I be join'd with saints below,
And not with saints above ?

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H Y M N CCXXXI. 351

Shall I beneath thy Gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace,
And at the awful judgment day
Be banish'd from thy face?

Oh! may I feel a glimm'ring hope,
E'er long thou wilt me bless,
And at the last wilt raise me up
A kingdom to possess.

CCXXXI. *Faith in Exercise.* S. M.

MY Savior, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me;
Oh dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.

Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to thee and live;
I therefore come with all my sins,
I know thou canst forgive.

352 H Y M N CCXXXII.

My Lord and Savior dear!
 I long to see thy face;
 To know thee more and more by faith,
 And daily grow in grace.

And when this life is o'er,
 Oh may I dwell with thee,
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
 Who liv'd and died for me.

CCXXXII. *Redemption.* 8. 8. 6.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies
 Let daily praise like incense rise,
 To join with theirs above.
 Worthy is he, that once was slain,
 A race of rebels to regain,
 To have our choicest love.

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H Y M N CCXXXII. 353

Into this ark, with great amaze,
The winged seraphs wond'ring gaze,
 Redeeming love to trace :
Should mortals, who in part have found
Redemption through the Savior's wounds,
 Refuse to shout free grace ?

Cry then to your Redeemer dear,
He loves his people's voice to hear,
 They are his joy and crown ;
Ere long we him in clouds shall see,
Clothed in pomp and majesty,
 His ransom'd flock to own.

Shower down thy grace, O Jesus, now ;
Through ev'ry vessel let it flow,
 Each sickening plant to cheer :

354 H Y M N CCXXXIII.

Rooted in thee, Oh may we stand
Unshaken, waiting thy command,
And love thy voice to hear.

Freedom to ev'ry soul proclaim ;
In ev'ry heart, O Jesus, reign,
And set the prisoners free :
Now, Lord, relieve each burden'd mind,
And give us all with joy to find,
Eternal life in thee.

CCXXXIII. *Before Sermon.* 8. 8. 6.

O Jesus, now we humbly pray,
Be gracious to thy church to-day,
Thy saving health impart :
The dew of heav'n on us distil,
With love each empty vessel fill,
And cheer the drooping heart.

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H Y M N CCXXXIV. 355

Cut every cord that binds us here,
Us from our every hind'rance tear,
Give each a single heart ;
Give grace to tread down self and sin,
Give grace eternal life to win,
Ere we from hence depart.

CCXXXIV. *Thanksgiving for redeeming
Love.* 104.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne,
The prince of our peace ;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood ;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God,

356 H Y M N CCXXXVI.

We daily will sing
 Thy glory, thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace;
 Thy kindness forever
 To men we will tell;
 And say, our dear Savior
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful vision
 Completed in thee.

H Y M N CCXXXV. 357

Aspiring after Christ. S. M.

O Patient, spotless Lamb,
 My heart in patience keep,
 To bear the cross so easy made,
 By wounding thee so deep.
 Bring me, my Shepherd, where
 Thy choicest flocks abide;
 From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
 And keep me near thy side.
 My Friend, thou hast enough
 My misery to relieve;
 Tho' sin and guilt oppresses me sore,
 The balm is thine to give.
 Do thou, my Lord, unite
 My heart so firm to thee,
 That ev'ry where, and at all times,
 Thy love my all may be.

358 H Y M N CCXXXVI.

God's Presence delightful. 10.

O Dearest Savior, please to look on me,
And draw my heart with cords of love to
thee;

O save me from this world's ensnaring bait,
And grant that I may humbly on thee wait.

Thou know'st how apt I am, O Lord, to change,
How oft my thoughts on worldly objects range;
Keep them, dear Jesus, keep them constantly,
Steady, unshaken, ever fix'd on thee.

Sometimes I taste of thy refreshing grace,
And then for other things there is no place;
My heart doth sweetly flow with love to thee,
I prove the grace for every comer free.

Oh that I were but always in this frame;
How could I love and praise my Savior's name!

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H Y M N CCXXXVII. 359

Thus, thus, O Jesus, let it ever be;
Then will I sing thy praise eternally.

CCXXXVII. *Christ bore our Grievs.* 8. 8. 6.

THINK now, dear Jesus, on the pain,
The toil and smart thou didst sustain
To ransom my poor heart;
Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,
And make my heart thy constant home,
Nor ever more depart.

No more let sable clouds of night
Arise to intercept my light,
Or earth my heart detain;
By thy dear cross still let me stay,
Here let me sing each happy day,
And die to live again.

360 H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

Meditation on God's Love. C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love ;

Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;

Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;

Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. 361

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

362 H Y M N CCXXXIX.

In Darknefs of Soul. 8.

COME, holy, celestial dove,
 And visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load ;
 The sense of election to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And kindly with-held me from sin,
 Resolv'd by the force of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win ?
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert,
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.

H Y M N CCXXXIX. 363

Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free;
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee:
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

If when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to grieve thee no more.

If now I lament after God,
And grasp for a drop of thy love ;
If Jesus hath paid down his blood,
To clear off my mortgage above :
Come, heav'nly Comforter, come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

CCXL. *Gospel Invitation.* C. M.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found ;
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

H Y M N CCXL.

365

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds;
A deep celestial spring.

“Whoever will,” (Oh gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu’s sake.

This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
And drink, adore, and bless.

366

H Y M N CCXLI.

To him, who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of his love,
Be constant praise, while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above.

CCXLI. *Comfort of God's Love.* C. M.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend,
That peace of God which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.
The burning bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there;
The three when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

H Y M N CCXLII.

367

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,

His wounds a cure intend;

And tho' he doth not always smile,

He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,

Tho' clouds come oft between;

And could my faith but pierce these clouds,

It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,

And thou forever shine;

I have thine own dear pledge for this:

Lord, thou art ever mine.

CCXLII. *Morning.* 8. 6. 6.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!

Angels praise;

Join the lays,

With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light,
Lead me right,
Through my Savior's merit.

O my Jesus, God, Almighty,
Pray for me,
Till I see,
Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghost, divine Instructor,
Guide me still,
Let thy will
Be my sole conductor.

Thou this night wast my Protector;
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my director.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

369

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

Glory, honor, thanks and blessing,
One in Three,
Give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

CCXLIII. *Evening Hymn.* 8. 6. 6.

ERE I sleep, for every favor
This day shew'd
By my God,
I will blefs my Savior.

O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good and tender.

370

H Y M N CCXLIII.

Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace
Be my blifs,
Till thou hence remove me.

Vifit me with thy falvation ;
Let thy care
Still be near,
Round my habitation.

Be my rock, my guard, my tower ;
Safely keep,
While I fleep,
Me with all thy power.

Save, Oh fave me from the hidings
Of thy face ;
Let thy grace
Cancel my backflidings.

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H Y M N CCXLIV. 371

So, whene'er in death I slumber,
I shall rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Let me know
Thee below,
Thee above inherit.

CCXLIV. *Safety of God's People* 6. 7. 8.

GOD, omnipresent God,
Our strength and refuge stands;
Mighty to support our load,
And bear us in his hands:
Readiest when we need him most,
When to him distress'd we cry;
All who on his mercy trust,
Shall find deliverance nigh.

372 H Y M N CCXLIV.

God most merciful, most high,
 Doth in his Sion dwell;
 Kept by him, her tow'rs defy
 The strength of earth and hell:
 Built on her o'ershadowing rock,
 Who shall her foundation move?
 Who her great Defender shock,
 Th' almighty God of love?

All that on this rock are stay'd
 The world assaults in vain;
 Ever present with his aid,
 He shall his own sustain:
 Guardian of the chosen race,
 Jesus doth his church defend;
 Saves them by his timely grace,
 And saves them to the end.

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H Y M N CCXLV. 373

For his people in distress
The God of Jacob stands;
Bears us, till our troubles cease,
In his almighty hands;
He for us his pow'r hath shewn,
He doth still our refuge prove;
Jacob's God still loves his own,
And will forever love.

CCXLV. *Opening a Place of public Worship.* L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'ere they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For thou within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee, where they come;
And going, take thee to their home. Aa 3

374 H Y M N CCXLV.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Behold ! at thy commanding word,
Let Sion stretch her cords abroad ;
Come then, and fill that wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

H Y M N CCXLVI. 375

Faith. L. M.

EMBARK'D upon a stormy sea,
Jesus, aloud we call for thee;
Say to the raging waves, Be still,
And shew that they obey thy will.

Now we are sinking to the deep,
Tho Jesus seems to be asleep;
He wants but to be call'd to come,
And bear us to our destin'd home.

To pray by faith is Gilead's balm,
For so the Lord can make it calm;
The winds and waves obey his word,
And shew that he's the sov'reign Lord.

CCXLVII. *Elijah fed by Ravens.* 8.

ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,

Aa 4

376 H Y M N CCXLVII.

The saints may commit all their cares
 To him who will surely provide :
 When rain long with-held from the earth
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,
 The Prophet, secure from the dearth,
 By ravens was constantly fed.

More likely to rob than to feed,
 Were ravens who live upon prey ;
 But when the Lord's people have need,
 His goodness will find out a way :
 This instance to those may seem strange,
 Who know not how faith can prevail ;
 But sooner all nature shall change,
 Than one of God's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case,
 The wonder is often renew'd ;
 And many can say to his praise,

H Y M N CCXLVII. 377

He sends them by ravens their food ;
Thus worldings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
Compell'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants :
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel ;
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely ;
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply ;

378 H Y M N CCXLVIII.

He ravens and lions can tame,
 All creatures obey his command;
 Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

CCXLVIII. *A sick Soul.* C. M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady controul,
 And heal me by thy grace.
 Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;
 For never can I hope a cure,
 From any hand but thine.
 I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint,
 That worst distemper, sin.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to love like me?

CCXLIX. *Sacrament.* 8.

ENCOURAG'D by the words of grace,
We meet thee at thy thy table, Lord;
Oh let us see thy smiling face,
And one reviving look afford:
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.
We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste;
But clothed in thy righteousness
We humbly venture to the feast,

Amidst thy saints, dear Lord appear,
And manifest thy presence here.

With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread :
Tasting the symbol of thy flesh,
May we on purchas'd mercy feed :
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was shed to seal our peace with God.

CCL. *Sacrament.* S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board :
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favor ! matchless grace !
Of our redeeming God.

H Y M N CCLI.

381

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

CCLI. *Sacrament.* L. M.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And vent'ring hard, behold I come;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children room for me?

I eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But Oh! my soul wants more than sign;
I faint, unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.

For finners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free:
Oh, magnify it now in me.

CCLII. *Sacrament.* 7.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesu's cross subdu'd!
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son!
Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him here;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies!

Shall I let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue my God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all my sin I'll part;
Jesu's love hath broke my heart.

CCLIII. *Sacrament.* 7. 6.

JESUS, Master of the feast,
The feast itself thou art;
Now receive the meanest guest,
And comfort ev'ry heart!
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heav'n comes down,
Fill us with immortal meat,
And make thy nature known!

In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Furnish'd out with richest grace,
Whate'er our souls can need,
Still sustain us by thy love,
Still thy servants strength repair,
Till we reach the courts above,
And feast for ever there.

CCLIV. *Sacrament.* C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.
To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me, he died for me!

H Y M N CCLV.

385

Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

Oh tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants to thee,
To sing hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.

CCLV. *Sacrament.* C. M.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the Living Vine
Were press'd, to fill the cup.
Oh, bless the Savior, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread!

Bb

386

H Y M N CCLVI.

The vile, the lost, he calls to them,

Ye trembling souls appear !

The righteous in their own esteem

Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse

The banquet spread for you ;

Dear Savior, this is welcome news,

Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,

And may obtain a place ;

Surely the Lord will welcome me,

And I shall see his face.

CCLVI. *Sacrament.* L. M.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,

When pow'rs of earth and hell arose

Against the Son of God's delight,

And friends betray'd him to his foes :

Before the mournful scene began,

He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :

What love thro' all his actions ran !

What wond'rous words of grace he spake !

“ This is my body broke for sin,

“ Receive and eat the living food : ”

Then took the cup and bless'd the wine :

“ 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood. ”

“ Do this, ” he cried, “ Till time shall end,

“ In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;

“ Meet at my table, and record

“ The love of your departed Lord. ”

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,

We shew thy death, we sing thy name,

Till thou return, and we shall eat

The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Sacrament. 7. 6.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb,
By thy church beloved;
Manifest thy sweetest name,
To each heart approved.
Crown this ordinance of thine
With a solemn blessing;
Let our feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing.
Cause that bleeding sacrifice,
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven.
We partake the bread and wine,
Seats of our profession;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

H Y M N CCLVIII.

309

We commemorate thy death
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our hearts by faith,
With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

CCLVIII. *Sacrament.* L. M.

COME, sinners to the gospel feast,
Jesus invites you for his guest;
Oh taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh and drink his blood!

See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd love make haste, embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

Ye, who believe his record true;
Shall sup with him and he with you;
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

Bb 3

Sacrament. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give;
And to my inmost soul reveal
The death by which I live.

I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
I seek the crucified;
The man that suffer'd in my place,
The God that groan'd and died.

Spectator of the pangs divine,
Oh that I now may be!
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree.

Give me to understand that sound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,
And broke the rocks in twain.

H Y M N CCLX. 391

Repeat my dying Savior's cry
Unto my heart so loud,
That my whole soul may now reply,
" This is the Son of God."

CCLX. *Sacrament.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign :
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy pow'r into the wine.
Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made by heav'nly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To each believing heart.

CCLXI. *Sacrament.* C. M.

THIS was compassion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood.
His pity ne'er withdrew !

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor will his saints forget.

Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesu's dying love :
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

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H Y M N CCLXII. 393

Sacrament. L. M.

WHAT heav'nly man, or lovely God,
 Comes marching downwards from the skies,
 Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
 With joy and pity in his eyes?
 The Lord! the Savior! yes, 'tis he,
 I know him by the smiles he wears;
 Dear glorious man that died for me,
 Drench'd deep in agonies and tears,
 Lo! he reveals his shining breast,
 I own those wounds, and I adore;
 Lo! he prepares a royal feast,
 Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!
 Whence flow these favors so divine!
 Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
 Why for such earthly souls as mine
 This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curst tree ;

'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Savior's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord :
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

CCLXIII. *Funeral.* C. M.

SWEET to rejoice in living hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed.
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

H Y M N CCLXIII. 395

Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound,
And, by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know!

O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

Funeral. 8.

AH, lovely appearance of death ;
No fight upon earth is so fair !
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind.
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose reliefs with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

H Y M N CCLXIV. 397

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, and shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again ;
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

398

H Y M N CCLXV.

The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountain can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

CCLXV. *Funeral.* C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
That keep us from our love?

H Y M N CCLXVI. 399

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume?
The grave of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

CCLXVII. *Funeral.* C. M.

GREAT God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay!
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

400 H Y M N CCLXVII.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Savior comes.

The mighty Conq'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh;
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprize.

H Y M N CCLXVII. 401

Funeral. C. M.

HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free !
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see !

Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God :
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.

With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past ;
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go ;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw. Cc

402 H Y M N CCLXVIII.

Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given ;
And I, with them, shall shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

CCLXVIII. *Funeral.* S. M.

THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies groan,
Till death consigns the corps to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay ?
In quiet rests our *brother's* dust,
And thus it seems to say :

H Y M N CCLXIX. 403

“ Forbear, my friends, to weep,
“ Since death hath lost its sting:
“ Those Christians that in Jesus sleep,
“ Our God will with him bring.

CCLXIX. *Funeral.* C. M.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

Peace all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

CCLXX. *The Spirit of Prayer.* C. M.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day :
To all thy tempted follow'rs give
The pow'r to trust and pray.
Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing pray'r.

H Y M N CCLXX. 405

Come Holy Ghost, thy praying grace

Give us in faith to claim ;

To wrestle, till we see thy face,

And know thy hidden name.

Till thou the Father's love impart,

Till thou thyself bestow,

Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,

“ I will not let thee go.”

I will not let thee go, unless

Thou tell thy name to me ;

With all thy great salvation blest,

And say, “ Christ died for *thee*.”

Then let me on the mountain-top

Behold thy open face,

Till faith in sight is swallow'd up,

And pray'r in endless praise.

406 H Y M N CCLXXI.

Pray without ceasing. L. M.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within !
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r ?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

H Y M N CCLXXII. 407

Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

CCLXXII. *Whitsunday.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, (Thyself the key!)
Unseal the sacred book:

Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with pow'r;

408 H Y M N CCLXXIII.

Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Savior room :
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

CCLXXIII. *Trinity Sunday.* L. M.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God !
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

H Y M N CCLXXIV. 409

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore :
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

CCLXXIV. *The Anchor of Hope.* C. M.

NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things ;
Still wishing to find out that point
From whence salvation springs.
My anchor's cast ! cast on a rock,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labors of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.
What is my anchor ? if you ask,
A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving with mis'ry from its weight,
Till firmest ground it find.

410 H Y M N CCLXXV.

What is my rock ? 'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er ;
Yet there poor sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more.

CCLXXV. *Salvation in Christ.* S. M.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne ;
“ Justice and mercy are the names
“ Whereby I will be known ;
“ Ye dying souls, that sit
“ In darkness and distress,
“ Look from the borders of the pit
“ To my recov'ring grace.”

Sinners shall hear the sound,
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

H Y M N CCLXXVI. 411

In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God shall pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

CCLXXVI. *Christ's Compassion.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,

412 H Y M N CCLXXVII.

And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

CCLXXVII. *The Angel of the Covenant.* S. M.

THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed;
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII. 413

Angel of Gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light:
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

CCLXXVIII. *Comfort in Death.* 7. 6.

WHEN I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be thou my good Physician,
At hand to soothe my fears!

414 H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

Oh let my soul, expiring,
On thy dear breast recline;
And be true life acquiring
From that pierc'd heart of thine.

Savior, apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,
When I give up my spirit
To thee my Judge and God.

If with me in thy passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold!

The soul, on thee believing,
Goes safe to paradise;
The body too retrieving,
A purer frame shall rise.

H Y M N CCLXXIX. 415

Spite of the grave's corruption
I shall thy glory see;
And sing of my adoption
To all eternity.

CCLXXIX. *The witnessing Spirit.* C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?

Affure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

416 H Y M N CCLXXX.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

CCLXXX. *Grace.* C. M.

RICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And Oh ! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

CCLXXXI. *The Office of the Holy Ghost.* 6.

HOLY Ghost, by him bestow'd
Who suffer'd on the tree,

H Y M N CCLXXXII. 417

Take of my Redeemer's blood,
And shew it unto me!

Thou the sweet Revealer art
Of his righteousness divine:
Now assure my sprinkled heart,
That God through him is mine.

CCLXXXII. *Trust in God.* C. M.

WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next:

Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's pow'r
To my Redeemer's breast.

Dd

418 H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

Pardon for the Vilest. C. M.

MY sins are many, like the stars,
Or sands upon the shore;
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalen,
Were pardon'd all by thee;
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For thou hast pardon'd me.

CCLXXXIV. *For Fellowship with Christ. L. M.*

'TIS pure free grace to me, my God,
To know the merit of thy blood:
Lord, keep me ever, through this grace,
At thy dear feet, that happy place!
Sweet is the privilege to be,
My Lord, in fellowship with thee:

H Y M N CCLXXXV. 419

This blessing let me always find,
And feel thee near, and prove the kind.

CCLXXXV. *Happiness only in Christ.* C. M.

THOU say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints,
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, while in this vale of tears,
Kind visits oft from thee.

Then let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight;
For sure the world can't ease my heart,
If banish'd from thy sight.

CCLXXXVI. *Fellowship.* C. M.

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our meetings every where
Be thou our aim alone,

420 H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign;
Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

CCLXXXVII. *Praise to Christ Jesus.* L. M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

CCLXXXVIII. *Praise.* 7.

OH that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him evermore.

H Y M N CCLXXIX. 421

Mercy. C. M.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, Let thy mercy come.

CCXC. *Doxologies. 6. 7.*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore;
Join we with the heav'nly host
To praise thee evermore.

Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Three in one, and One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

Dd 3

C. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise;
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
While faith adores, thy name we sing.

CCXCII. 8.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and misery to remove;
To the blest Spirit who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endless glory, praise, and love.

CCXCIII. Lt. M.

O Father of heav'n! be ever ador'd,
Thy mercy we find, in sending our Lord

D O X. CCXCIV. 423

To ransom and bleſs us ; thy goodneſs we praife,
For ſending, in Jeſus, ſalvation by grace.

O Son of thy love ! who deignedſt to die,
Our curſe to remove, our pardon to buy,
Accept our thankſgiving, almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt heaven to all that believe.

O Spirit of love, of health and of pow'r !
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore ;
Whoſe inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,
Atteſting and ſealing us children of God.

CCXCIV. L. M.

GLORY, honor, praife, and power
Be unto the Lamb forever,
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Praise the Lord.

Dd 4

8.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name;
The Savior Son be glorifi'd,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

CCXCVI. L. M.

O God of glory! God of love:
In essence One, in person Three!
With all the shining host above,
Let dust and ashes worship thee!

CCXCVII. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHORUSSES. 425

Chorusses in the Messiah.

AND the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all flesh shall see it together: for the
mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. *Isai. xl. 5.*

AND he shall purify the sons of Levi, that they
may offer unto the Lord an offering in right-
eousness. *Mal. iii. 3.*

O Thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, arise,
say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your
God, the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
Isai. lx. 1.

426 CHORUSSES.

FOR unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. *Isai. ix. 6.*

GLORY to God in the highest, good will towards men, and peace on earth. *Luke. ii. 14.*

HE shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. Come unto him, all ye that labor, come unto him, ye that are heavy laden, and he will give you rest: take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

HIS yoke is easy, and his burden is light.
Mat. ii. 30.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God that taketh away
the sin of the world! *John. i. 29.*

SURELY he hath borne our griefs, and carried
our sorrows. *Isai. liii. 4.*

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was
bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our
peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are
healed. *Isai. 6.*

ALL we like sheep have gone astray; we have
turned every one to his own way: and the
Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. *Isai.
lii. 6.*

428 CHORUSSES

HE trusted in God that he might deliver him;
let him deliver him, if he delight in him.
Mat. xxvii. 43.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift
up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of
glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory? The Lord, strong and
mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. *Psf. xxiv. 7, 8.*

LET all the angels of God worship him.
Heb. i. 6.

GREAT was the company of the preachers: the
Lord gave the word. *Psa. lxviii. 11.*

THEIR sound is gone out into all lands, and
their words unto the ends of the world.
Rom. x. 18.

BREAK forth into joy ; glad tidings, thy God reigneth. How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth tidings of salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth ! *Isai. lii. 7, 9.*

LET us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us. *Psa. ii. 3.*

HALLELUJAH ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ! *Rev. xix. 6.*

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. *Rev. xix. 15.*

King of kings and Lord of lords. *Rev. xix. 16.*
Hallelujah !

430 CHORUSSES.

SINCE by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. *1 Cor. xv. 21, 22.*

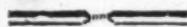
BUT thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. *1 Cor. xv. 47.*

WORTHY the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God, by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing, honor, glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen. *Rev. v. 12, 13.*

MEASURE. 431

*The Letters C. M. &c. and the Figures 6, 7, &c.
shew the Measure of each Hymn.*



C. M.	Common Measure	_____	8	6	8	6
L. M.	Long Measure		8	8	8	8
Lt. M.	Longest Measure	_____	10	11	10	11
St. M.	Shortest Measure			5	5	11
S. M.	Short Measure	_____	6	6	8	6
St. Stephen's			7	7	8	7
104th		_____			10	10
8	7	4			10	11
8	7	8			10	11
10	5				10	11
6	4				10	11
7	7	6			10	11
8	5	8			10	11
8	8	7			10	11
8	6	6			10	11
7	6				10	11
7					10	11
8					10	11
6	7				10	11
6	8				10	11

432

M E A S U R E .

8	8	6						8	8	6	8	8	6
5	6	9	—			—		6	6	8	6	6	9
5								5	5	6	5	6	5
5	6		—			—		5	5	12	5	5	5
6	7	8						5	6	7	8	7	6
6				—				7	7	6	7	7	6
8	7							8	7	8	7	8	7
7	8		—			—		8	8	8	8	7	8
8	10							8	8	8	8	10	10
8	6		—			—		8	8	6	8	8	8
11											11	11	11
9			—				—			9	9	7	7
10												10	10

The Verses included in Crotchets may be sung or omitted.



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